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ALONE.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

"I am alone," he said,
Lying beneath a cliff beside the sea,
From toil of city free.
"How beautiful to watch the white sails fly
Into the sunset red!
How sweet to hear no voice of business, harsh
As bullfrogs in the marsh!
O foam-white sea beneath an amber sky,
At last alone am I!"

Yet fair white fingers lay
Within his own, as those strange words he spake—
A small hand, like a flake
Of snow, with blush of sunset o'er it thrown;
The figure of a fay,
Clear eyes that, when with love they looked at him,
Grew for the moment dim—
His second self, his perfect wife, his own;
Ah, yes, he was alone!

Her Own Deception.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S FAITH," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a hot day in July; the sun was shining fiercely upon the one street the village of Grassmere possessed, a long irregular straggling street into which two or three lanes opened, and which rejoiced in the pompous title of High Street.

It was Sunday. The usual life and animation which distinguished the village had subsided, and a decorous stillness reigned. Instead of the usual concourse of small boys playing on the uneven pavement, a solitary cat sat lazily blinking her large green eyes.

Before the "Pea Hen," the renowned Grassmere hostelry, a huge black dog had stretched himself at full length; and, instead of the ordinary ostlers, carmen, and farmers who generally thronged the green in front of the New Hotel—a successful rival of the "Pea Hen," and whose gaudy signboard quite threw the respectable bird into the shade—one solitary individual lounged as if not knowing what else to do with himself.

Fiercely poured the sun's hot rays upon the village, and upon the ancient gravestones in the old grass-grown church-yard, but the rays which stole into the church itself were tempered by the stained-glass window, and the church felt pleasantly cool within.

The congregation was a sufficiently numerous and, for the country, a decidedly fashionable one; for a tolerable number of the nobility and gentry had "pitched their tents" in the environs of Grassmere; and the Reverend Benjamin Cathurin had no reason to complain of scanty congregation.

Besides these neighboring grandees the village itself boasted several well established residents. That long, low, ivy-grown house a little way down the village, with a gray-stone front and dark foliage—which looked so cool and fresh—was the residence of Lawrence Venne, for many years a highly respected lawyer in Exeter, a man of good birth, means and position. Farther in the heart of the village was Doctor Goodchild's handsome red-brick home; and a few minutes' walk beyond were the mansion and grounds of Mr. Holborn, the great London draper, the prince of tradesmen, and a thorough gentleman.

Then there was Lady Cecile Allen's pretty cottage *orné*, where her ladyship and her three lovely daughters gave little dinners and afternoon teas; and in the centre of the village, just where a Rectory should be, was the residence of Mr. Cathurin, a large house and filled with a goodly family of sons and daughters.

The only other house of any importance in Grassmere itself was the Grot, a large, quaintly-built, ivy-grown building, which all the London lady-visitors raved about, none the less perhaps because its master was handsome Basil Venne, Lawrence Venne's eldest son, a very successful, and promising young physician, and a very charming fellow to boot.

The grand old church, with its Norman arches and short massy pillars, was the pride of Grassmere, and dated back to the Crusades. In the Lady-Chapel, facing the organ-chamber, were the pews belonging to the great people of Camelsford Park, where, Sunday after Sunday, the young *chatelaine* sat in her cold calmness, discontented and unhappy; the Squire, her husband, in careless indifference at her side; and, behind them, the men and women servants.

How different were the sunshiny faces of Doctor Goodchild and his wife! For five-and-thirty years, in health and sickness, poverty and wealth, trouble and difficulty, had those two clung to each other and together had surmounted every difficulty and climbed every hill on their path.

Behind them sat the Vennes, Mr. Venne, portly and handsome, beside his wife, an Earl's daughter, so quietly calm and placid in her still great patrician beauty; then Ellen Venne, still Miss Venne, though she had passed her thirtieth year, and "suitors had sought her hand."

Beside her was her sister Lottie Bentley, who, with her husband and two little ones, generally spent part of every summer with her father.

After her came Hugh, a splendid fellow of one-and twenty, the handsomest of the family; then grave, thoughtful Everard, who was five-and-twenty; and at the other end of the pew sat Basil Venne, M. D., M. R. C. P., tall, fair, and manly looking. He had deep gray eyes, which were grave, keen and earnest, and apt to grow dangerously expressive at times—at least so the Misses Allen thought, and that Doctor Venne was a favorite at the Villa des Roses was a fact patent to all Grassmere.

Just now Basil Venne seemed more occupied with watching the face of a lady in front than in attending to his devotions; and the face was sufficiently charming to merit his attention, though it might be its delicacy and pallor which were attracting his professional interest.

It was a face more remarkable for expression than for regularity of features, very pale, with velvety dark eyes full of mournful yearning wistfulness, while the hair, drawn softly back from the broad white brow, was of the rare color the old masters so loved—deep, rich, red-gold brown.

The lady was three or four and twenty, or thereabouts, dressed quietly, with a certain elegance rare in Grassmere. She looked very delicate; even the pretty lips had a pale shade, and round her eyes were dark circles. She had not stood up at all; but during the service, sat with her head resting wearily against a pillar and her hands linked loosely in her lap.

At length Basil Venne, watching, saw her raise her hand to her brow with a troubled gesture, then rise and slowly make her way to the end of the pew of which she was the sole occupant. He rose also, and as she stood in a faltering, uncertain manner, he took her trembling hand in his, and led her down the aisle out into the church porch. There she sat down on a rude stone bench, resting her head against the wall, and looking out over the church-yard with her mournful eyes.

"You ought not to have come out to-day, Miss Jamieson," he said quietly. "I have been watching you all through the service, expecting you to faint every minute. You are quite unequal to such exertion."

She looked up at him, her eyes shining and eager now.

"I do not think I was faint. It was what he said."

Basil smiled a pitying compassionate smile.

"You are not strong enough yet to hear such a sermon without its affecting your nerves. You foolish child"—almost tenderly—"you are trembling."

"I am afraid you will think me very silly," she answered. "Such a terrible foreboding came over me."

"An acquaintance of a few days' standing would hardly justify any opinion of mine" he said coolly. "But, if you are not silly, you are very disobedient, Miss Jamieson. I would scold you if I dared; but I fear to encounter a second edition of the look you gave me just now, when the words 'Foolish child' escaped me."

She smiled faintly; but there was no blush on the pale cheek resting against the stone.

"I am going to order you home now, Miss Jamieson," he said after a pause; "and you will have to accept my escort."

"You are very good," she replied, rising and aking his proffered arm.

They went slowly and silently down the little path, out by the wicket-gate; and a few moments brought them to a pretty little rose-covered cottage almost opposite to the church.

Basil Venne opened the door and entered a long low sitting room on the ground floor. Shaking up some cushions in a large deep arm-chair, he gently forced her to sit down, and stood before her, looking down at her critically. The color mounted slowly to the fair pale face.

"That is better," said Basil, as he smiled down upon her. "It was very wrong of you to leave home this morning, Miss Jamieson. My professional reputation is at stake, remember. Where is your maid?"

"Janet is a Presbyterian," she answered slowly. "She has discovered a kirk in Grassmere and has gone there."

"I will stay until she returns, Miss Jamieson. If you were polite you would ask me to sit down."

She looked up, trying to smile; but the effort ended in tears. Basil looked as he felt, very much embarrassed and distressed at the same time conscious of a very strong desire to take her in his arms and kiss her tears away.

"Forgive me," she cried at length. "What will you think of me, Doctor Venne?"

"I think you are thoroughly unnerved, and I forbid any rash imprudence for the future under pain of my severest displeasure. Meanwhile you must have a composing draught and sleep away the afternoon."

Almost as he spoke, a hard-featured angular Scotch-woman entered the room and watched him for a moment in silence. It could hardly have been any artistic interest which attracted her; but an artist would surely have been struck by the contrast they presented—he, sitting by her, one hand on her slender wrist, looking so strong and well and noble, she lying back on the cushions pale and still, a shade, even as of death, lingering on her brow, her eyes looking away in the distance wearily, sadly and hopelessly.

"She is very ill," Doctor Venne told Janet, as he showed him out. "She needs the greatest care. Thorough exhaustion and debility. I will call again in the evening."

As Janet returned to her mistress, Basil Venne strode back to the church to meet the home party as they came out, a very unusual shade on his fair-frank face and a good deal of anxiety in his dark gray eyes.

On that day, and on many succeeding ones, did Basil Venne call twice—aye, and three times at the little rose-covered cottage, where, for three weeks, Constance Jamieson lay ill with a nervous fever which threatened her life. Almost as frequently Doctor Goodchild's brougham stopped at the door also; but the good old doctor soon saw that it was no ordinary interest which his young colleague had in his patient. To Basil Venne, in those days when she lay ill unto death, she was not merely a strange lady who had come to Grassmere to recruit her strength; he knew that with her life his sunshine would fade away; and he battled with her illness incessantly and untiringly. How dearly he grew to love her in those dreary days! Every future wish and hope of his life seemed to centre in the frail girl whom a month before he had never seen.

Day after day he sat with her, bathing with practiced skill and tenderness the aching head, holding it in his strong gentle hands when the pain made her cry out in agony. Night after night, unwearied, untiring, he watched by her side, listening with wrung heart and painful feelings to the low moans or delirious mutterings which came from the lips so dear to him now; soothing her tenderly, clasping her little fevered hands in mute supplication. His other patients found Basil Venne very different from his usual calm self during those days—pale and haggard, he could hardly bring his mind to bear on any other case; and his favorite sister Ellen was seriously anxious about him.

"Basil dear, you will wear yourself out," she said gently one day. "You ought to rest more."

"I cannot, Ellen!" he cried passionately. "Oh, sister, pray for us both—pray that her life may be spared, whether she lives to love me or not!"

Ellen Venne sighed over her brother's infatuation for a woman of whom he knew nothing.

But this trial did Basil no harm: and, though the day in which he could believe her out of danger was a glad day to him, the other days had many a wholesome lesson.

Who was Constance Jamieson? A woman young and beautiful, plentifully supplied with money, seemingly a lady, coming to Grassmere alone, with a taciturn maid who gave no information and eschewed gossip—receiving no letters, knowing no one in the neighborhood, was a mystery to the Grassmere folk; and there were not a few who looked grave and shook their heads at the mention of her name.

Constance Jamieson was no other than a successful London actress, known in the great metropolis as Engel Courtney. She had been left an orphan young; and, being unwilling to owe a home to the charity of some rich relatives, had sought and obtained a situation as governess. She was not ill-fitted for the position. Her education was good, her manner singularly winning and sweet; and the little ones soon grew to love her dearly. Her employer chanced to be the manager of a popular London theatre—a clever man and a gentleman, generous-hearted and high-minded.

One night he had an amateur performance at his own house, in which the young governess took part. Astonished and delighted with the grace and natural style of her acting, Mr. Bentley offered her opportunities for study and generously paid every necessary expense. At the end of the year he offered her an engagement at the "Vivacity"; and the young girl, then only twenty, entered upon her new life with enthusiasm. Her *debut* was a complete success, and she had been for some time the leading attraction at the "Vivacity."

But four years of uninterrupted dramatic success affected her health; and she had at last been forced to take a rest. She had come to Grassmere under her own name, Constance Jamieson; and, even had any there known her, it would have been hard to recognise her in the pallor and debility as the brilliant young actress whose success had been perhaps all the greater from her blameless conduct in private life.

* * * * * * *

The summer heat had departed, the golden autumn glory had come in its place, and Grassmere was looking very beautiful with

The gray stone moss-grown church and the smiling landscape beyond were a fair sight, but not a very uncommon one in "merrie England" and something must have possessed Constance's eyes to invest it with such a pleasant rosy light.

As she lay in the deep arm chair by the window wrapped in a fleecy light shawl, she looked far lovelier than she had done that Sunday when Basil Venne saw her home.

Her face was white and thin, but her eyes were dewy with a soft light, and round the little mouth lingered a faint smile.

Horses' steps coming swiftly along the road made a slight color rise in her cheeks, but it faded again as the door opened to admit Doctor Goodchild.

The old physician came in smiling. Few could resist the fascination of the young actress's manner, and she was a favorite of his.

"Well, Miss Jamieson," he said cheerily, "how is it with you to-day?"

She gave him her hand, smiling.

"Very well, thank you," she replied. "I am doing famously."

"Yes," he said; "thanks to that clever young rival of mine, Miss Jamieson." Here he bent forward and added, earnestly and reverently, "Under Heaven, you owe your life to him."

"To his skill?" she asked in a low voice.

"To his care," was the reply. "You have not had experience enough in illness to know how important a place his ceaseless untiring care had in your recovery; but, my child, without it you would not have been here to-day."

Constance's eyes filled.

"He is very good!" she said brokenly. "Oh, believe me, Doctor Goodchild. I am very grateful to you and to him!"

"Prove it to him!"—and the old man laughed as he warmly shooked the little hand. "He will tell you how," he added slyly. "Until to-morrow."

He went away, smiling and nodding at the fair face as he got into the carriage; but his face grew grave as he remembered how little was known of Miss Jamieson, her position or family.

The brougham was hardly out of sight, when a fine pair of chestnuts, drawing a handsome mail phaeton, pulled up at the cottage. Throwing the reins to a groom, Basil Venne sprang out, and in another minute was by her side, holding her hand, and studying her face with more than professional earnestness.

"I met Goodchild driving away," he said, "He has been here?"

"Yes"—and the remembrance of his parting words made Constance's cheeks flame.

"You are better to-day? Have you had any return of headache?"

"A little—a very little last evening."

Suddenly she raised her eyes to his, full of wistfulness, half sad, half happy.

"Doctor Venne"—and she spoke with difficulty—"Doctor Goodchild tells me I owe my life to you. How can I thank you for what you have done for me?"

"Hush—hush!" he said, as if pained.

"But I must speak!" she went on eagerly. "Do you know from what you saved me? I remember even now the thrill of unutterable fear which passed over me when I heard Doctor Goodchild say there was no hope. I had none; and yet to die, so full of sin—so——"

"Hush, Constance!" he cried passionately. "Why recall those sad memories? If I had any part in your recovery it was but a selfish one. I could not let you go. Child"—and he bent over her, infinite tenderness and passionate love in every tone and gesture—"that life you say I saved, will you give it to me to make it a bright and happy one, if I can? Dear, I love you! Every hope, every wish of my life is centred in you."

"Hush, hush!"—and she raised her hand as if in entreaty. He caught it and drew her to him.

"But I must speak!" he said. "Constance, I love you as my life? Tell me, is there any hope that now or at any future time you will give me love for love?"

She lay passively in his arms, her eyes closed, her breath coming in quick gasps, and trembling in every limb.

"I am frightening you, darling! I forgot Constance. It is no mad boy's love I am offering you; it will endure while life lasts. Speak to me, child, one word to put me out of my pain!"

A long shivering shudder passed through her. She raised herself slowly, disengaging herself from his strong arms.

"No," she answered, "no—it cannot be!"

He drew back, his face deathly pale.

"Do you mean that you do not love me? Grateful, you say! Your gratitude insults me, for, Heaven help me, I love you!"

She sank back in her chair, her face hidden in the pillows, her hands clasping and unclasping in agony.

"Forgive me," he went on, with a strong effort regaining some self-control—"we can be friends still. I thought you cared for me. I was angry and impatient at my mistake—to-morrow I shall be myself again. I will give you no further pain. It is not your fault, poor child!"

He turned to go, but at the door hesitated a moment.

The blow was a very hard one and hard to bear. With his hand still on the handle he turned, and their eyes met—his full of passionate pain, hers too full of reproachful love for their expression to be mistaken. He came slowly to her side again.

"Constance," he said tenderly.

"I cannot let you go!" she cried wildly. And the next moment she was in his arms.

"Constance, you love me?"

"Dearer than the life I owe to you!"

* * * * * *

In a few days the Grassmere population knew that the Grot was to have a mistress at last, and the young ladies who had hoped for promotion from Basil Venne were loud in their insinuation against Miss Jamieson. There was sometimes so mysterious about her and "where mystery is, there is guilt."

The Vennes themselves were half pleased, half dissatisfied. That she was perfectly ladylike and refined Lady Venne could not but allow; and where the "but" lay—for of course there was a "but"—it was hard to say.

One visit of Miss Jamieson at Flower Cottage excused Basil's "folly" to his father, Everard, and Hugh; and if Lady Venne and Ellen did not so easily succumb, they owned it would have been hard for Basil not to have been fascinated.

He himself was entirely happy; he cared to know only what she would be some day to him; and he drove Constance about in his phaeton, read to her in the evening, or sat, with her hand in his, in a silence which could only be thoroughly enjoyable, to two people who loved each other.

His patients said a visit from Doctor Venne was as good as a cordial—so happy was his smile, so cheery his deep voice. But how was it with Constance? She was happy enough apparently, but in the sweet eyes a shadow lingered which never left them, even in her happiest moment; and their wistful sadness chilled Basil sometimes as with a foreboding of evil.

CHAPTER II.

BUT surely there is no reason why an actress should not be a good pure woman?"

Constance Jamieson spoke these words, her sweet voice breaking in on a conversation which was taking place between Mr. Venne, Everard, Basil, and Lady Allen, who were standing together in Lady Venne's pretty drawing-room, where a few visitors had joined the usual family party. The room looked very cosy and pretty with its handsome furniture and rare pictures, its dainty hangings and ornaments, and the soft wax-lights threw a pleasant light around. The group—of which Basil formed one, and which Miss Jamieson joined, leaning on Hugh's arm, for she and her future brother-in-law were staunch friends—was standing in the embrasure of a deep window looking on to the lawn of the pleasaunce, and an animated chit-chat had been going on for some little time.

"No reason?" repeated Lady Allen, with a glance at Constance, whom she particularly disliked for having stopped the promotion of one of her own fair daughters. "I should think there was not the remotest possibility of there being one!"

"Oh, Lady Allen," joined in Captain Bentley, "I assure you you are mistaken! My brother, who has ample opportunities of knowing and judging, has often told me the contrary. That is an almost exploded notion of yours."

And the captain gave Lady Allen rather a sarcastic glance, while Hugh bent over Constance and asked her if she was cold—she had shivered he was sure.

"It is not a profession one would choose one's wife from or wish one's sister to join," said Basil carelessly.

He was paying more attentions to a song Ellen Venne was singing at the piano than to the conversation, or he would have noticed Constance's white face. Ellen was singing a quaint German song—a favorite of his—

"A young man loves a maiden
Who chooseth another to wed.
The other loves you another,
But marries the maiden instead.

"Then needs must the jilted maiden
Go marry out of spite
The first he hath who crosses;
I ween he's a luckless wight.

"It is but the old, old story
That ever remaineth new;
And his heart is like to be broken,
Whom just it happens to."

"Then," said Lady Allen, "you would not marry an actress, Doctor Venne, however much you loved her?"

"I should not love her to begin with," he replied lightly; "if I did—I am not wiser than my fellows, Lady Allen—I should marry her, if she would have me."

"I should be sorry for that, Basil," said his mother's soft voice. "It would break my heart if any of my sons did anything so foolish!"

"Old fashioned mother mine!" he returned, laughing as he bent over her with a whispered remark about being already provided for.

Constance Jamieson felt the words fall on her heart like lead. How could she own the truth? And into what a labyrinth of difficulty and sorrow her reticence at first had led her!

The evening post came in, and among the letters was one for Mrs. Bentley.

"From Dick," she said, throwing it across to her husband. "He is anticipating great success from the new comedy, *Not Gold that Glitters*, and encloses me a photograph of Miss Courtney, who is to take the principal part in it."

"What a lovely face!" remarked Hugh, as he glanced at it. "It seems familiar too. What an arch piquant expression! And how bewitching it looks under the great Gainsborough hat!"

"Why, it is like Constance!" observed Everard laughingly. "Look here, Basil!"

"It is something like her," he said, examining it critically. "I wish Connie's cheeks were as round. Look, dear child!"

She bent over it with paling cheeks and quivering lips.

"It is a very flattering likeness," she answered simply.

"You must get a Gainsborough, Connie"—and Hugh Venne laughed. "The effect is bewitching."

"You are looking very tired, Connie," said Basil, glancing at her. "You had better rest a little."

"I think I will go to my room," she replied, "if Lady Venne will excuse me."

Lady Venne gave her a gentle smile—Constance has been staying some days at the pleasaunce and had won a little on her ladyship—and, with a parting inclusive bow Constance went away. Basil followed for a more particular good night.

"You look very tired, dear," he said gently. "Our drive was too much for you."

"No—oh, no, Basil!"

He stooped to kiss her, putting his arms round her. She was not a small woman, but he was considerably the taller as he stood by her. She stood still for a moment or two, then suddenly she put up her hands and drew the handsome face down to hers, and kissed it.

"Good night, Basil."

She still clung to him with an unusual passion, very strange for quiet, calm Constance.

"I really think you do care for me a little Connie," he said lovingly.

"A little! Oh, Basil!"

"What it is, Constance?" he asked suddenly. "Have you any trouble? Can I help you?"

As he spoke he drew her into Mr. Venne's study, the door of which stood invitingly open, and, parting the bright hair on her brow, scanned her face curiously. Her eyes fell upon his.

"What is it, my darling?"

"Am I that, Basil—really? I wish I could tell you!"

"Tell me, dear child. I am very merciful, you know," he added lightly. "I could forgive anything in the world but a lie—forgive the ugly word, dear—or a long deceit! That I could never forgive."

She shivered and shrank back a little. He mistook the cause.

"You are cold," he said. "I won't keep you, dear. Well, are you going to tell me this important secret? It is an old flirtation which troubles my pet's conscience? Don't look indignant, Connie!"

There was a pause, during which he stroked the shining head which lay on his breast. The temptation was strong then to tell him, and say, "I am one of those women you would not choose as a wife, whom you would not love. I am an actress." But the remembrance of his words "never forgive" drove back the words from her lips.

"We must defer confession, little rose," he said at length. "I must send you to bed. You look so weary."

He stooped again and kissed her tenderly. Wistfully and lingeringly she disengaged herself.

"I have not had my good night," he said, smiling. "All the politeness must not be on my side, mademoiselle."

Again she raised her hands, and, drawing his head down, left a long feverish kiss on his lips.

"Cold hands and burning cheeks!" thought Basil, as he let her go. "This won't do."

She ran up-stairs, turning once to give him a little smile. Basil walked back to the drawing-room, carrying with him a picture of a pretty form in pale evening robes, and a loving wistful face, which lingered long in his memory.

Once in her own room, Constance Jamieson dismissed Janet, resisting the maid's entreaties to go to bed.

"I am not sleepy—not tired," she said. "Oh, Janet, my only real friend, don't urge me, don't press me so! In a few hours you will know all. Leave me alone now."

With a pitying expression on her face Janet went away, wondering, guessing perhaps; and Constance gave herself up to the bitterness of her own thoughts. Ah, if she had only told him at once, long ago, he might have loved her still!

Now, by her own deceit, her own action, she had forfeited all claim to his love, all right to his esteem, she must give him up, never see him again, her darling, her love, and, with him, give up every hope of happiness and sunshine in the future. If she had only died then, when she was so near death, he would have cared for her a little, and thought of her sometimes tenderly and kindly; now he would despise her, and put her memory out of his heart, or think of her only with contempt and dislike.

The fact of her profession he would have forgiven, the long-acted lie—never. He must know; some one would recognize her.

Mr. Bentley himself, who knew her real name, would at once, if he heard of the engagement, betray his knowledge of her; it was almost strange his brother had not known it.

Constance heard the others come up to their rooms, doors closed, and then silence reigned; still she paced up and down, unable to rest, only mechanically taking off her evening dress and putting on her dressing-gown, loosening her hair, and letting it fall around her in its soft luxuriance.

A knock at the door aroused her at length. With an old terror at her heart, she opened it. Ellen Venne, still in her evening dress entered slowly, and for a moment or two they faced each other in silence. Ellen spoke first, her calm voice was icily cold and contemptuous.

"Good evening, Miss Courtney?"

The color flushed into the actress's face, then faded, leaving her white and still, the pale face shaded with the falling veil of hair.

"Do you call your conduct upright and honorable?" Miss Venne went on, in frigid measured tones. "To me your life here has been one great acted lie. May I ask if this farce, in which you have indeed proved your histrionic powers to be of the highest is to be continued longer?"

"You ar cruel!" murmured Constance.

"Cruel! The truth is often unpalatable. Surely you have made conquests enough in London, without exercising your fascinations so ruthlessly down here! You have broken many a heart there, they say—you might have spared my brother's!"

"Have pity?" faltered Constance.

"Pity!"—Miss Venne's calmness was rapidly giving way.

"Had you any pity? Did you spare us? Your marriage with our brother would break our hearts. It would kill my mother. Basil himself would hate you when your deceit was discovered. Constance, have pity on us—have pity on him—give him up."

"I love him so dearly," broke from the girl's lips. "He loves me—he will forgive."

"I know you love him," Ellen went on eagerly," and it is because of that knowledge that I hope—— Yes, he is honorable enough to keep his promise to you in spite of all; but his love could not withstand such falsehood, and he would be miserable. Constance, you would not bring him sorrow?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"My mother, whom he loves so dearly, would be forever estranged from him, and his prospects would be materially injured. Is it right—ask yourself the question—that he who is innocent of all wrong, who is guilty only of loving unwisely, should suffer for your sin? I am sure, had he known—had he guessed even at first, he would never have loved you."

And Constance, remembering his own words to Lady Allen that very evening, knew Ellen was right.

"It would kill my mother, who has been kind to you. He is her dearest son; she is so proud of him! Spare us this grief, Constance—you yourself would never be happy at such a price."

"No one knows—no one guesses!"

"They must know soon, it is unavoidable. Be generous!"

"What would you have me do?"

"I want you to leave Grassmere, giving no reason for so doing, and leaving no clue by which you may be discovered. It can be managed easily. My brother need never know of your deceit. If he knows who you really are, of course your whereabouts could not be kept a secret. He does not, he need not. He will grieve much for a time, perhaps, but it will be for his happiness eventually. Will you do this for his sake, Constance?"

And Ellen drew nearer and spoke imploringly, enforcing her words by a gentle touch of her hand on Connie's arm.

"Yes," she answered slowly, "I will go—nay, do not touch me. I knew it must be so to-night—I have long thought so. Do not let me see him again," she added passionately. "You are asking me for a priceless gift—the one treasure I have ever possessed in my lonely life. I know you are right—I feel it only too well; but one cannot kiss the executioner's hand, although he may not have signed the order for execution, and though it may be too richly merited."

Ellen Venne colored and half turned away; but the angry feeling was momentary, and when she spoke again her voice was gentle almost to tenderness.

"I know it is hard," she said; "but at least it is just. You do not wish to see Basil again, you say—it is better not. To-morrow he goes away early, you know, for that consultation at Camelford. Will you leave by an early train from Mountford station? I will drive you over myself and explain matters to my mother, so far at least as to justify your departure in her eyes."

"It would not be safe to go by the early train," replied Constance quietly. "Your brother Everard is starting for town to-morrow."

"True; I had forgotten. By the half-past eleven then. Everard will go by the early one."

"Yes, that will be best. I shall be ready. I am tired now," added Constance in a faint voice—"I am not very strong yet, you know."

"Good night," said Ellen gently. "Forgive me if I have pained you. I love my brother very dearly, Constance; you will not mind a little suffering if you love him but half as well."

"A little suffering!" repeated Constance bitterly. "Is lacerating one's heart a little suffering? May half such suffering never be yours!"

She turned away, sinking upon her knees by the couch and bowing her head on her hands with a moan of anguish which went to Ellen's heart.

She bent over Constance with some gentleness and tenderness and drew back the falling hair to touch the bowed face with her lips; but the kiss was not returned, nor was the head raised; and it was with a sorrowful heart that Ellen Venne left Constance and went to her own room, feeling as though she were indeed an executioner. Yet she had but acted for the best, and she had done well.

Her brother would soon be cured of a love which would have brought him, equally with them, much unhappiness. He need never know the whole truth; he might think Constance unworthy of him. Think what he would, he must never know Ellen's share in the business. It would come right, she trusted, once Constance was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To obtain a striking view, bump your head against a door in the dark.

IT SHALL BE WELL.

BY LEWIS MORRIS.

If thou shalt be in heart a child,
Forgiving, tender, meek and mild,
Though with light stains of earth defiled,
O soul, it shall be well.

It shall be well with thee, indeed,
Whate'er thy race, thy tongue, thy creed,
Thou shalt not loose thy fitting need;
It shall be surely well.

Not where, nor how, nor when we know,
Nor by what stages thou shalt grow;
We may but whisper faint and low,
It shall be surely well.

It shall be well with thee, oh soul,
Though the heavens wither like a scroll,
Though sun and moon forget to roll—
O soul, it shall be well.

My Own Suicide.

I HAD resolved to kill myself; there was no longer any doubt that Amelia was faithless to me.

Let me be sure of it—was it Amelia her name was? To think how she once held my life, as it were, in her little hand, and I can't recollect what her name was.

Anyhow, whoever she was, she had proved false to me, and, as I was very young at that time, I had promptly come to the conclusion to destroy myself. My first intention was to go and blow out my brains all over her stair-carpet, but then I reflected that everyone would know Henrietta—come to think of it, her name was Henrietta—had infatuated me and turned my head. "No," said I, to myself, "no scandal, no publicity! Let me imitate the wounded stag, which, seeking to hide his fatal hurt, betakes itself to the most secret thickets, there to perish from all human eyes."

In this elegant disposition, I took the 5:30 train for Melun, which set me down just at dusk within a few steps of the Golden Lion, a very well kept inn, with clean beds and a capital table.

"What will Monsieur have for supper?" said a charming little mistress.

"Nothing—supper would be a mockery. Show me to my tomb—to my room, I mean."

I retired to my couch, but not to sleep. In my fevered dream I beheld Victoria—I am confident it was Victoria after all—passing, leaning upon the arm of my hated rival. I clutched madly at his throat and seized—the iron railing of the bedstead, or the marble slab of the little table by my bedstead. I rose unrefreshed, but what of that—I was about to die—ha! ha! to die.

Having dressed myself I went in search of a rope. You may think when a person wants to hang himself nothing is easier than to find a rope. But I had to hunt the hotel high and low before I could find one.

"What on earth do you want with a rope, Monsieur?" said the pretty mistress when she found me one.

With the precious bit of hemp in my pocket I took my way towards a thicket not far from the hotel in a little wood whose paths were familiar to me. There was one lonely and gloomy copse there where I well knew my lifeless body would swing for weeks ere it was discovered.

Upon the road I thought of Bertha—I was wrong before; come to think of it it was Bertha—and cursed her with all the bitterness of which my soul was capable. I then tested my cord. It was not such an agent of destruction as I would have chosen had I an assortment from which to make a selection. It seemed to me both short and not up to my weight. I was annoyed. You cannot tell how a trifle like that will affect a person's temper at such a moment.

A further disappointment was in store for me. On arriving at the spot I had selected in advance, I was disagreeably surprised to find some one else there. An individual, whose back only I could see, was occupied in fastening a rope to the most eligible branch of my tree.

"Hallo! What are you doing there?" I cried.

He turned around. "What business is it of yours, anyway?" he said.

"Bah; don't you think I know what you intended to do?"

"Well, and supposing I wanted to hang myself—it's my own funeral—suicide I mean."

I regarded him narrowly. He was a handsome and manly young fellow of almost my own age, with a frank and winning countenance. He was deadly pale.

"This young man," said I, lifting my hands to heaven, "was going to take his life—all for the sake of a worthless jilt."

"Sir?" he cried.

"Poor, silly fool," I went on, communing with myself aloud, "he would undertake to defend her. All lovers are the same. Will you," I continued, "take my advice—the advice of a well-wisher? Just leave that cord there" (it was a stouter rope than mine, I had observed) and go quietly home like a good fellow. When you are yourself you will thank me for having given you such good advice."

He shook his head gloomily. "I desire to die," he muttered.

"Don't let yourself be goaded into taking a step that if you were alive you would regret to-morrow." I went on, with benevolent persistence, (you see the fellow had preempted the only really eligible bough in the wood). "When you are dead it will be too late to change your mind."

"You speak to me without knowing what misfortune has happened to me."

"I can guess it."

"No, you cannot guess it. Sir, a woman that I loved; a woman whom——"

And he went on to tell me his story, which singularly enough, was precisely like mine. The coincidence made me pause a moment to collect my thoughts.

"I see," said Charles, (he told me in the course of his painful story that his name was Charles,) "that your silence justifies me."

"By no means," I cried. (You will observe that it would not have been dignified for me to abandon at once my former position on the subject of suicide.) "There is nothing whatever in all that you have told me to justify you in taking your life. Come, my friend," said I, becoming really interested in the case, "come, let us reason the matter out. Why should you complain because you have been unfortunate in love? Don't you know what the poet says?

The lot of the girls was to deceive
Since winter first was snowy.

Women have been false to their lovers at all times; women will be false to their lovers to all time."

"But no woman has ever been so false to her lover as this woman was to me."

"Lots of 'em have."

"No, none could be."

"But I tell you thousands of 'em have. I know one whose conduct towards—towards an intimate friend of mine was abominable. Why should you kill yourself because one pretty woman has played you false? Seek another one—a prettier one."

"In vain, in vain," he groaned, "she was the only woman in the world that I cared for; the handsomest woman in all Paris, sir."

"Oh, bosh. I know of a hundred handsomer and more tender than she ever could be. You may think in the first moments of soreness that there are no other women in the world, but a month from now you'll be prepared to admit how silly it was to entertain such a thought."

My eloquence seemed so convincing and my position so sound that it was a pleasure to me to listen to myself, I went on—

"What good will it do you to hang yourself? Tell me if you can, what useful purpose will be subserved. Either the woman has a heart or she has not. If she has no heart——"

"She has none—none."

"Of course she has none. Therefore your death will only be agreeable to her—will only flatter her. It is a big advertisement for a woman to have a man kill himself on her account. What will the public say—the boys? They'll say Charles was a fool—a silly fool. Yes, Charles everybody will say you are a silly fool, and everybody will be right in saying so."

I waxed eloquent, in point of fact for some moments it had occurred to me that I was arguing my own case, pleading for my own life. I heaped fact upon fact, added arguments with such earnestness and aptness of reasoning that friend Charles at last fell into my arms and cried: "You are right; bid me do whatever you would and I will obey."

"All right," said I, "let us go and get some breakfast."

I brought him back to the Golden Lion. I was terribly hungry.

The table at which we seated ourselves was neatly set, and aided one's appetite by its snowy linen, its glittering glassware, its golden brown loaves, its yellow butter.

When a thick and juicy steak with potatoes had been served up to us, lapping our prisoned nostrils in the elysium of its appetizing odors and staining our knives with its vermeil essence, and we had tasted our first glass of some remarkably particular Bordeaux, we were rapturously silent, but our speaking eyes said—may shouted, "Well life isn't such a bad thing after all."

"If I hadn't met you," said Charles, reaching over the table to squeeze my hand.

"If I hadn't met him," I thought, as I returned his cordial grasp.

"It was the most remarkable piece of luck I ever heard of," he continued; "I don't suppose that a human being goes through that copse twice in a month."

I remained silent.

"But I say, you know," he went on, as if a sudden light had flashed upon him, "why were you in that lonely part of the wood at that early hour of the morning?"

I could not help blushing guiltily.

"You were going to hang yourself, too," he said.

"I was—upon the very same tree. Here's the rope I had in my pocket."

"The best joke I ever heard of," said Charles, as we clinked our glasses.

HOW THE SNAKE GETS A NEW SUIT.—"Some people think that snakes only shed their skins at certain seasons of the year," said the keeper. "That's a mistake. If they are well fed and kept warm they change their coats about every eight weeks through the year." "Does it pain them?"

"Not a bit of it. You see the skin of a snake does not increase in size as the reptile grows as with us. While the old skin is getting smaller by degrees a new one is forming underneath and the other gradually gets dry. When it is ready to shed it loosens around the lips, and the reptile rubs itself against the earth or the rock in the cage and turns the upper part over the eye and the lower part over the throat. Then it commences to glide around the glass cage, all the time rubbing itself against something until the entire skin is worked off. Sometimes this takes three days; occasionally they get rid of the encumbrance in a few hours. I don't believe they have a bit of intelligence. For all I feed them and care for them, they would as lief bite me as any stranger. I can handle a good many of safely, but it's only the knack of the thing—not that they won't bite, but that they can't get the chance."

SCRAMBLING UP HILL.

WE are all familiar with instances of men who, spurred on by ambition or the love of approbation, have snapped the chains which in early life held them in poverty or obscurity, and by sheer perseverance have borne down opposing agencies, reaching in course of time the coveted goal of competency or distinction.

The writer is acquainted with a man, now wearing the "sere and yellow leaf" of age, who, when he had reached the stage of manhood, knew not the alphabet of the language he spoke. Passing a hoarding one day, he heard a very little boy read, with marked fluency, one of the bills posted thereon. "This is what I, a man cannot do," said the listener; and such a feeling of shame crept over him that, to use his own words, "If I could have squeezed myself into a mouse-hole, out of sight, I would have done so." Happily his next thought was, "I am not too old to learn, and learn I will." His first effort was directed to the Sunday school, where, by dint of close attention, he speedily got to know the names and powers of most of the letters of the alphabet. Then, instead of spending his pocket-money foolishly, as had been his wont, he bought a slate and pencils, a Reading-made-easy, and a pound of candles, and shutting himself in his bedroom, he spent his evenings in adding to the knowledge gained on Sundays. Thus in a few months he was able to read, as well as to teach intelligently in the Sunday school. This man has held posts of public usefulness and responsibility which he could not have held had he remained as illiterate as he was when he heard the boy read the poster; besides, he had created a business which will enable him to spend his last days in independence.

I have in my mind's eye a man who was known amongst his fellows in his native town when a youth, by the cognomen of "Gentleman Robert." Not that he was a gentleman in the common acceptance of that word; far from it; few had a poorer home or more painful surroundings than he; yet he was called "Gentleman Robert" because he always had a genteel appearance. Never did he leave his lowly home of a morning without his clothes, though poor, being scrupulously clean; and his shoes were as bright as blacking and brush could make them. He wore a neat necktie, surmounted by a collar as clean as a newly-made pin; and as Robert was tall and well built, and had a very fair skin, he looked "every inch a gentleman." Besides, what he looked, he was. He had a smile and a kind word for all. In early life, he was put to learn a trade with a person, who, not being married, had no children to inherit his business. At this time, Robert had a penny or two a week for pocket money allowed him. He kept a strict account of the way in which he spent it, so that he added system to his other acquirements. As he rose to manhood, he grew in the confidence and esteem of his master, and began to be noticed by the gentry of the town, who predicted for him a useful and prominent place amongst the tradesfolk. Nor were they out of their reckoning; for Robert had not been many months out of his apprenticeship before his master put him behind the counter in his sale-shop; and in a while gave him a partnership. It is many years since I saw "Gentleman Robert;" indeed, I do not know whether he yet lives; but living or dead, he is another instance of a young man rising superior to his position and surroundings, and achieving an honorable position in early manhood and in after life by the force of his native character.

I will give another case, even more noteworthy than the last. One of my early companions was a youth whom I will name George Calvert. His mother was a widow in such indigent circumstances, that poor George could never ask a friend to go and see him, or spend an hour in his society, at his home. It is a mystery to me at this day where and how the poor fellow spent his evenings, and how he gathered the respectable amount of knowledge he possessed. From leaving the charity school to his being fifteen years old, he was a grocer's errand boy, and it would have been better for the lad had he been allowed to remain with the grocer, and learn the business. However, for some reason or other, perhaps the consideration of a dollar a week, his mother put him to acquire a trade for which he had neither taste nor aptitude; so, before he had reached the end of his term of bondage, he had made up his mind to bid farewell to his profession, and go back to the vending of sugars and the mixing of teas. During the twelve months which he spent at the business after the expiration of his apprenticeship, he had contrived to save some money, with which he bought a second hand watch. Just at this juncture, a grocer, giving up business, had his stock and good will to sell. George turned his watch into money, borrowed the balance, and thus getting the business, he became the head of a concern which though very small, he liked to manage. Our hero began wisely, and went on with thrift and caution; hence, while he has seen hundreds fail, he has gone up the hill of prosperity with slow but sure steps, and like others, he can now buy a shipload of the commodities in which he deals.

And thus from the humblest beginnings may anyone, if they will, reach the pleasant resting places that are always to be found on the hill of life.

Lady Beautifiers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France or beautifiers of the world while in poor health, and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is a certain proof

Bric-a-Brac.

A CROCODILE'S TOOTHPICK.—It is not named a toothpick though, for it is called the zic-zac, a little bird that finds its food in the mouths of crocodiles. It flies into the wide open mouths of crocodiles and picks out little bits of fish from between the crocodile's teeth, then flies out again.

THE MULBERRY.—The mulberry tree does not put forth its buds and leaves till the season is so far advanced that there is no severe weather to be apprehended. It has, therefore, been called the wisest of trees; and in heraldry it is adopted "as a hieroglyphic of wisdom, whose property is to speak and do all things in opportune season."

SOCRATES AND TEMPERANCE.—Socrates is said to have been the only inhabitant of Athens, who, during the prevalence of the plague in that city, escaped infection. This circumstance the historians unanimously attribute to the strict temperance which he constantly observed—in conjunction, it may be added, with his well-known equanimity under the most trying circumstances.

THE BARBER'S POLE.—In former times, the barber served his customers in the capacity of surgeon, and, when the operation of blooding was extensively practiced, he was in the habit of performing in that line. The spiral red stripe so frequently seen on the barber's pole is said to symbolize the winding of a ribbon or bandage round the arm when the blood-letting operation was resorted to.

HINDOO GIRLS.—The Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in this way. The exercise is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindoostan.

SLEEPING ELEPHANTS.—An historian who lived before the Christian era says that the elephant has no joints, that, consequently, it is unable to lie down, and is in the habit of sleeping as it rests against a tree in its native forests. This peculiarity, he stated, is taken advantage of by the hunters, who cut down the tree, whereupon the huge beast rolls helplessly over on its back, and is easily captured or dispatched. The real facts are that elephants sleep standing, and that the older ones seldom lie down. Yet tame elephants as often sleep lying as standing.

EXCOMMUNICATION.—An ecclesiastical anathema, or interdict from Christian communion. It was originally instituted for preserving the purity of the church; but ambitious ecclesiastics converted it by degrees into an engine for promoting their own power. Some suppose excommunication to be of Hindoo origin in the Pariah caste, and that it was adopted by the Jews (who had three degrees of it,) and from these latter by the Christian churches. The Greek and Roman priests, and even the Druids, had similar punishments in aid of their respective religions.

MUSTARD.—The Greeks used to use it as we use pepper, while the Romans employed it, mixed with vinegar, as a paste. In the fourth century the Gauls are known to have been given to taking it compounded with oil, honey and vinegar. Under St. Louis men were wont to make it their special avocation to hawk it about the streets of Paris, generally making their appearance towards noon. Louis XI. was greatly addicted to mustard soaked in vinegar, and when he dined elsewhere than in his own palace the monarch always had his own special mustard pot brought by an attendant.

THE SNAKE FAIRY.—Ariosto tells a story of a fairy who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons of the year in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were ever excluded from participation in the blessings she bestowed; but to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. A useful moral might be drawn from this little fable, in favor of showing kindness and civility to the most degraded and unhappy.

SMUGGLING.—On the road between two Italian cities there were, during the existence of the restrictive system, of Napoleon against English goods, several sand-pits, from which the streets of one of them were usually repaired. It having been noticed that one of the principal streets was in this situation, the smugglers, during the night, filled the sand-pits with brown sugar, which resembled the sand sufficiently in color. The sugar was next day put into small carts that conveyed the sand; the load was covered over with paper, and a layer of sand some inches thick was laid over the whole! The searching-rods of the custom-house officers easily penetrated to the bottom, they saw nothing but sand; and the trade went on merrily. The street, as may be imagined, continued long under repair; and it was only from its remaining so long in an unfinished state that the clever trick was at last discovered.

THOUSANDS of ladies have found sudden relief from all their woes by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great remedy for diseases peculiar to females. Send to Mrs. L. E. Pinkham, Western Ave., Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

ONLY A WORD.

BY M. S. B.

Only a word! a little winged word,
Blown through the busy town,
Lighter than the thistle-down,
Lighter than dust by roving bee or bird
Brushed from the blossoming lily's golden crown;
Borne idly here and there,
Oft as the summer air
About noon's doors the sunny stillness stirred.
Only a word!
But sharp, oh! sharper than a two-edged sword,
To pierce, and sting, and sear
The heart whose peace a breath of blame could mar.

Only a word! a little word that fell
Unheeded as the dew
That from the darkling blue
Of summer midnight softly steals, to tell
Its tale of singing brook and starlit dell
In yonder noisome street,
Where, pale with dust and heat,
The little window-flower in workman's cell
Its drooping bell
Uplifts to greet the kiss it knows so well;
A word—a drop of dew!
But, oh! its touch could life's lost hope renew.

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THAT LIVES," "THE FATAL LILIES," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED.]

NOTHING remarkable occurred in the ten years that followed. To me they represented but one thing—incessant study.

I worked hard—so hard that Lord Lulworth declared that he was quite satisfied with me.

My mother, Jane Holmes, from the little fund left her for my use, provided me with clothes, etc.

Lady Kilmore made me frequent presents of elegant articles and luxuries.

The earl "tipped" me after the fashion of generous noblemen, and her ladyship never allowed me to want for anything. What boxes found their way to Rugby and afterward to Oxford! The most loving mother could not have done more for me than she did. Everything that a young man could desire was sent to me.

Lady Lulworth did not write me oftener than once a year. I have every letter that she ever wrote to me, and when I am dead they shall be buried with me.

All my recollections of those ten years are brightened by the memory of her ladyship's kindness.

No formal letters ever came with the boxes and parcels—only a few words from Jane Holmes reached me beforehand:

"Her ladyship wishes me to say that she will send you a box this week; and I know that everything in it will be selected with the greatest care."

My holidays were spent sometimes at Langton Wolde, at the south lodge, at other times at the Hall.

The earl grew to like me, and talked to me of his affairs with frank unreserve; and there were times when he treated me with as much love and affection as he might have treated his own son had he one.

I liked him, too, and thought him then, as I think him now, one of the noblest men in England.

I went several times to see Lady Kilmore, who was exceedingly kind to me. She taught me a great deal so far as London was concerned. Once, when I spent six weeks with her, she took me to every place of note in the great city.

I often wondered why she was so good and kind. At last I came to the conclusion that the whole affair was a freak of Fortune, who, being proverbially blind, had chosen me as a favorite, and had influenced this great and noble family in my favor.

The time came when the earl thought my education complete. I had reached my twentieth year; and, owing to his kindness, I had received a splendid training.

During the last few years I had spent my holidays in different countries, and now was able to speak several languages beside my own.

The period had arrived when I must earn my own living and make my own way in the world.

What a long while it seemed since I had seen Lady Lulworth and Lady May!

The earl I had met three or four times; and it was he who had told me that Lady Kilmore was growing old and infirm, but that Lady Lulworth did not look one day older than when I had said good-bye to her at Langton Wolde so many years ago.

The name of Lady May was never mentioned; and, as I grew older, I knew that the pretty love-dream of my boyhood was but a dream, and could never be anything more, and that between Gabriel Holmes—scholar and poet though he might be—the son of the lodge-keeper, and Lady May Flemyng, the heiress of Chesney Manor, there was an immeasurable gulf.

I might, and hoped that I should, make a name—I felt in my own heart the flame of that fire that never dies; but she was an heiress to great wealth and bore a noble name, while I—what was I after all? There could not be friendship even between us.

It happened just then, owing to a change of government, that the Marquis of Doone came into power. He was an intimate friend of Lord Lulworth's, and the first thing he did before forming his Cabinet was to send for me and offer me an engagement as his private secretary at a very handsome salary. He did this, he told me, because he knew that I was a *protege* of the earl's.

I was bewildered by my good fortune. My face grew pale and my lips quivered. He smiled at my emotion.

"Your place will be no sinecure," he said. "I assure you that you will have to work hard. You will have rooms at Thirlwell House, but your chief scene of labor will be my library. I will give you a resume of your duties. You will have all my public letters to answer—and they will not be a few. When I have a speech to make, you must look me up some facts and make statistics a study, so that when I have a speech to deliver in the House of Lords, and anything in the way of figures is required, you will have it at hand. I shall want you to mix in society, and gather for me all the new opinions and ideas you may meet with. The marchioness is a great entertainer, and you will have to help her with her cards of invitation, and all that kind of thing. You see that there is plenty of hard work to do—the place is no sinecure."

"I do not know how to thank you," I stammered.

"Lord Lulworth tells me," the marquis went on, "that you have a decided genius for poetry, and that he thinks you will make a name for yourself. You must have time for study. Take the first two hours in the morning for yourself. One thing more. The duties of my office commence at once. Could you join me, say, in three days from now?"

I would have joined him at that very moment, so delighted was I and so anxious to serve him.

Farewell now to my boyhood! Farewell to the happy days when I played with my beautiful child-love and knew nothing of the distance between us! The days for work and for knowing my proper place had come, and I must forget that past which was so bewildering in its contradictions.

Three days later found me an inhabitant of one of the finest mansions of Belgravia—Thirlwell House. The Marchioness of Doone, a fine, tall, handsome woman of majestic presence, was one of the leaders of society, and was besides a great politician. At her receptions one met the wisest and the wealthiest of men—the leaders of society, of the government, and of fashion. The marchioness was clever as few women are. She understood the whole science of politics; and even statesmen listened to her with deference. She was a woman with an inexhaustible fund of energy; nothing seemed to tire her. She liked to head all the gayeties and festivities of the season, liked to hear her entertainments mentioned, and people to know that she really was one of the leading spirits in society. She was a patroness of the fine arts and an excellent judge of character—where the marquis was often deceived, she seldom was.

She was very kind to me, but she exacted punctiliously every duty. She was gracious, dignified, and just—indeed, I have met with few characters more admirable than that of the Marchioness of Doone. She had chosen my rooms, and they were just fitted to my station—plain and neat, and arranged with every regard for comfort; but there was no luxury.

In a few days I was quite domesticated and busy at my new work. I was very happy, and my happiness was increased by hearing from the Earl that his whole household was coming to London. With a sly smile he said to me:

"By the way, Gabriel, you have not seen the latest addition to my household, have you?"

Not understanding in the least what he meant, I answered "No," and he laughed.

"You will be surprised," he said. "How long is it since you were at Langton Wolde?"

"Five years," I answered.

"Five years?" he repeated. "Oh, then you will be surprised!"

One evening—I had been at Thirlwell House about five days—the marquis came to me and said:

"There is a ball to-night at the French Embassy. I wish you to go; and, if you hear anything fresh about the Vaudremont case, do not forget to let me know."

I found from what the marchioness said that this ball was to be one of the most exclusive and select given that season.

Two of the royal dukes and a German prince allied to the royal family were to be present.

As we drove along—for the marchioness liked me to be with her—she said to me:

"You will see an old friend of yours at the Embassy this evening, Mr. Holmes. The earl has told me that Lady Lulworth would certainly be there."

My heart seemed to stand still at the thought of seeing my dear benefactress again. How I loved her! How I remembered all her gracious kindness to me! But for her I should still have been in the south lodge. I felt at times that I could kneel at her feet and worship her for all her goodness to me. Many loved and flattered her; but I do not believe that all the love in the world equaled my love for her ladyship.

All the rank, beauty, and fashion of London were gathered that evening at the French Embassy.

The "professional beauties" were present, and were in "great form."

The lovely brunette, the Countess Olga, was there, and the piquantly beautiful American heiress, Miss Sheridan, whose wealth was fabulous, and a host of celebrated men and famous women.

I heard one of the gentlemen present say that he had never seen so many beautiful women in one room.

When I had been there an hour or more, the Earl of Lulworth came to me.

"Gabriel," he said, "Lady Lulworth is here, and she would like to see you."

I have heard of lovers almost dying with joy when called into the presence of the one they loved; the heart of no man gave a greater bound than did mine at his lordship's words.

Her ladyship was not in the ball-room, so we went into one of the little reception-rooms, where we found the countess in conversation with an elderly lady who passed out as we went in.

Lady Lulworth's magnificent blonde beauty was not in the least impaired. It must have been fifteen or sixteen years since she had bent over me in the dead of the night and clasped me in her arms, but she did not look one day older. Her proud, lovely face had no lines, the violet eyes were undimmed, and the beautiful figure was as graceful as ever. She wore a dress of a lovely blue tint—a rich sweeping velvet—and, with her coronet of pearls and diamonds she looked like a queen. When she saw me she shrank back and turned pale, looking at me closely.

"My dearest Hilary," said the earl, "I have startled you; I told you I had a surprise for you this evening, and this is my surprise. You have not forgotten Gabriel Holmes, have you? He remembers you."

Remember her? Ay, I loved her too dearly to forget her! I spoke quickly;

"If I could forget my own name and the kindness of Heaven I might perhaps forget Lady Lulworth;" and the earl laughed at my words.

"That is right, Gabriel. Lady Lulworth has been your best friend." He put one arm round my shoulder and turned my face to her. "Look, Hilary," he said; "see what you have made of Gabriel Holmes."

Then she looked at me, and I read pride, love, and fear in her face.

"I knew that you would be pleased with him," continued the earl. "I have said but little about him these past few years, so that your surprise, when you saw him, might be as great as your pleasure. Are you content with what I have done for him?"

"More than content," replied her ladyship; and, raising her face, she kissed him.

Then she held out both her white hands to me; but the words died on her lips. I told her how grateful I felt; and she clasped her hands more tightly.

"I will leave you with Lady Lulworth, Gabriel," said the earl, with a smile. "You must tell her all that you are doing and of the bright prospects that the future holds for you."

He went away, and left me standing trembling before her. Why did she rise from her seat and beat her white hands together? Why did she bury her face in them, shedding such passionate tears as surely woman never shed before?

"Oh, my heart, my heart!" I heard her cry; and then—surely I heard aright!—she murmured, "Stretch out your hands to me, darling, and say that you forgive me!"

I touched her gently. I was alarmed lest any one should find her so unnerved. She looked at me and seemed to remember, and then tried to smile.

"You will think my behavior strange, Gabriel," she said; "but something painful recurred to me just now. You remind me now that you have grown up, of some one whom I knew long ago. Talk to me—tell me about yourself."

I had to still the beating of my own heart to do so. I took the jewelled fan from her hand and fanned her, while she sat with the sweetest of smiles on her face and an expression of mutterable happiness in her eyes. She asked me if I remembered Langton Wolde and Lady May, and requested me to tell her all my adventures since I left her. There was no mistaking the eager interest with which she listened. I told her how well, thanks to the earl and herself, I had done. She inquired about my success at Rugby and my honors at Oxford, and was delighted to hear that I had written a book of poems. Why was she so gracious, so kind to me?

When we had talked for some time, she laid her hand on my arm. Was ever touch so sweet? What was there in it that made my heart almost cease to beat and then melt with tenderness such as I had never felt before? I was completly bewildered.

"Take me into the ballroom, Gabriel," she said. "I want to show you something."

On looking round when we reached the ballroom, I saw that she was by far the most beautiful woman there. I was proud of being with her; and on every side I heard murmurs of admiration.

"Who is that with the countess?" was asked scores of times. The answer was:

"Lord Doone's new secretary, Gabriel Holmes."

As we went through the ball-room her ladyship said:

"Gabriel, I am going to find you a partner—some one you know."

I feared that it might be some *protegee* of the marchioness, but said nothing. One dance had just ended, and the dancers were scattered in groups. I saw her ladyship look amongst them, but she did not discover the person she sought; so we went out into one of the corridors, and there I saw a sight that I shall never forget.

The long window at the end was draped with crimson velvet bordered with heavy gold fringe. Beautiful plants covered with white blossoms stood here and there, and amongst the flowers there were seats placed. On one sat a young man, whom I have never seen since, on another—— Well, I am not the first man by many who has lost his heart at the sight of a fair girl's face. I saw a dress that appeared to be a combination of some white material and gold and glittering diamonds. But how shall I tell what the face of the wearer was like? It was oval in shape, with tints that no painter could ever imitate. The eyebrows were large, dark, and velvety, just the magnificent Southern eyes one sees in the pictures of Velasquez, with long dark lashes; the brow was broad and low, the mouth of a cloven rose.

When I saw the girl's face first, it was calm and full of repose. She was listening to her companion, but her thoughts were evidently elsewhere. She held a bouquet of amber roses. In repose the face was simply perfect, but, when she looked up with a sudden bright, sweet smile, its loveliness smote me with pleasure so keen that it became pain.

"Gabriel," said Lady Lulworth, pausing, "do you know who that is?"

"No," I answered.

"Have you so completely forgotten your old playfellow—Lady May Flemyng?"

What? Was that my beautiful little child love who had held the doll in her arms and looked at me with such solemn wondering eyes when she said, "Gabriel is a girl's name?" I could remember the words so well.

"She will be so pleased to see you," added Lady Lulworth.

I begged her ladyship to wait a few minutes. I paused to collect myself, and then rushed on to my fate—madly, blindly, hopelessly.

"Lady May, I have brought an old friend to see you," said Lady Lulworth.

The girl's face was raised wonderingly—there was no recognition at first in the magnificent dark eyes. An amber rose fell from her bouquet, and I stooped to get it for her. Then suddenly I saw the light of welcome dawn on her face.

"You are Gabriel Holmes," she cried—"my dear old friend Gabriel Holmes! I have not seen you since you were a little boy. How we played and raced and quarreled, Gabriel!"

"I don't think that I ever could have quarreled with you," I replied. I held the soft white fingers in my own for a few moments; and the man who had been talking to her went away. Lady May's face was radiant with delight.

"Why, Gabriel, I cannot believe that it is you!" she said. "I have not heard of you for some time; and here I find you grown up and mixing in London society."

"And I find you, Lady May——" I began; but the utter impossibility of telling her what I found her occurred to me, and I was silent.

"You find me what?" she asked.

I was too nervous to tell her; and both ladies laughed, for they knew what I meant to say.

"Sit down here, Gabriel, and tell me all about yourself," said Lady May, with a pretty imperious gesture.

We fell into the old way, just as though years had not separated us—she the queen I her devoted subject and slave.

"I always knew you would be a poet," she continued. "You could not help it, for you were a poet born."

"Lady May," I said, desperately, "I cannot converse; your eyes make me think of a thousand things and bewilder me."

"Then we will dance, Gabriel," she said.

Was it a real earthly dance, set to earthly music? If so, there had never been anything like it before. Foolish dreamer that I was, I could not realize my present happiness.

When I entered the doors of the Embassy, I had two strong feelings in my heart; one was admiration and awe for the stately Marchioness, the other was an intense desire to see Lady Lulworth.

But now suddenly, and without any warning, I seemed to have stepped from one world into another, losing both my heart and my senses.

We should not have stopped dancing but that the music stopped. Then Lady May said—

"Gabriel, take my tablets and write your name down for as many dances as I can spare—that will be one more waltz and a quadrille."

"Will that be all?" I asked. "But—I forget; I am not compelled to dance with any one else. I can stand and watch you."

She laughed, and, with that graceful frankness which alway made her one of the most attractive children, said—

"I am so glad I have found you again, Gabriel. It will be like having a brother of my own. We were like brother and sister when we were young, were we not?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered.

It was wonderful how short of words I found myself when I was with Lady May—at least just then.

"I suppose you go everywhere with the marquis?" she asked.

"It is a part of my duties," I replied; and Lady May shrugged her beautiful shoulders.

"I shall meet you often," she said. "And, Gabriel, you will come to Helme House, of course?"

"The earl has been kind enought to tell me that I am to look upon that as my real home, and I shall go whenever I can," I answered.

"Come early in the day, Gabriel, before the tide of visitors sets in. We always have a few hours of leisure in the morning—that is, Lady Lulworth and I. We go into the conservatory and spend an hour or two amongst the flowers. You remember Lady Kilmore, and how fond she was of roses? She is coming next week to Helme House, and she will bring some fine specimens of new roses with her. We will prize them and cherish them as though they were children, Gabriel!"

She spoke with all the brightness, animation, and vivacity that had made me love her when she was a child. Lady May had the wonderful faculty of touching all hearts.

She could tell a pathetic story as no one else could tell it; and, if she laughed those who heard her were compelled to laugh, too. She was a brilliant talker, and people who heard her seldom if ever forgot what she said. At length my turn for the waltz came; and at supper-time Lady May refused the escort of the Duke of Altamont—she preferred to go down with me. I do not exaggerate when I say that I literally did not know where I was and what I was doing; nor do I remember how the ball ended.

"Gabriel," said Lady Lulworth, as I went with her to her carriage, "come early in the morning—I have something to show you."

Then I remembered the earl's mysterious hint about the addition to his household, and I wondered much.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I CANNOT tell how the night passed after my return home from the ball at the French Embassy; and when I slept it was to dream of a pair of black eyes that had in them a golden light.

I rose early, and did the principal part of my day's work. It was just noon when I reached Holme House, and I found Lady Lulworth and Lady May together and alone.

"I am glad you have come," said Lady May, impulsively, as she held out her hand to me. "We were just saying that, if you waited until fashionable hours set in, you would come with the crowd, and we should see nothing of you."

"I could not have waited another hour, Lady May. I had already begun to think the time long indeed."

"Now," said Lady May, lightly, "let us see, after all your education and traveling, how much of the old Gabriel there is left in you."

Then we began to talk; and in a little while I had forgotten all about time and almost everything else. Suddenly Lady Lulworth said to me—

"Gabriel, come with me. I have something to show you."

We went through several rooms, her ladyship's face wearing a smile so tender and loving that it was gratifying to behold; and at length we came to a large, cheerful apartment, the door of which she opened with evident pride.

We went in together, and I saw two beautiful little children with her ladyship's face and golden hair—twin brother and sister, about three years old—lying fast asleep locked in each other's arms.

"What do you think, Gabriel, of my pretty children?" said Lady Lulworth. "The earl did not tell you about them. He thought it would be a pleasant surprise for you to see them."

So it was; but I could not understand the strange mixture of pleasure and pain that I felt.

She was watching me with a most earnest look.

I gently touched the fair face of the little girl. The child's eyes opened—they were so like her ladyship's that they thrilled me—and looked at me, and then the little one smiled at me.

"She knows you, Gabriel," said Lady Lulworth; and I wondered much why she should say that. "They talk so plainly," she added—"far better than some children at five or six. And I have named them—— What do you think I have named them, Gabriel?"

I could not guess.

"Rupert and Rose. We called them Ru and Rose. Life has seemed quite a different thing since they came like a blessing to me."

She took little Ru and laid him in my arms—a bonnie, chubby boy; and he also smiled up into my face.

"That is just what I want to see," observed her ladyship. "I knew you would be pleased with them, Gabriel."

There was something in her face as she watched me fondling the boy which I could scarcely understand.

"You will come and see them often, will you not?" she went on. "They are sure to love you. And you cannot think, Gabriel," she added, shyly, "how sweet the love of a little child is. Langton Woldo is quite a different place now they have come. Children change everything. My only prayer is that we may not quite spoil these little darlings; the earl loves them so much!"

How could he help it? Looking at the two little golden heads and the fair, fresh faces, I knew that no one could help either spoiling the children or loving them.

"Kiss them, Gabriel," said her ladyship, suddenly.

It was like kissing two lovely roses. I had an idea that all children awake from their sleep crying, but these two awoke laughing and full of renewed life.

Very soon we were having a game of romps, their shrill sweet voices filling the room. Her ladyship stood at the window watching us at play, with the same strange expression on her face which I had noticed so often before.

"Gabriel!" said the countess, suddenly, "would you have liked to have brothers and sisters?"

"Very much," I replied. "I think the tie between brothers and sisters is one of the sweetest."

"You must be lonely at times," she added, looking at me with curious intentness.

"I should be if it were not for your great kindness and the earl's wonderful goodness to me," I replied. "Then, of course, I have my mother."

There was a curious expression in her ladyship's face as my eyes met hers. She smiled, half-sadly.

"True," she said; "I had forgotten your mother." The words seemed strange for one like Lady Lulworth. "Now say good-by to Ru and Rose, Gabriel; and you must come to see them every day."

"Yes, every day," lisped pretty Rose; "come every day, Gabriel."

I could scarcely leave them. A great affection had sprung up within me for both the children.

I had tried to be philosophical about love, but no man fell more hopelessly in love than I did with Lady May. I knew that it was a foolish passion to cherish, and never expected any toleration or return. It was sufficient for me that I could love her.

That season was a gay and busy one. London was full; the Court was at Buckingham Palace, and most of the members of the royal family were in town. There had not been so brilliant a season for years. I had plenty to do, but my life was simply delightful. I rose early and sat down to my studies, which were a labor of love. My first book of poems was completed, and now I was writing an epic. My day's work was a pleasure to me, for the marquis, though exacting, was very kind; and every morning, unless some unforeseen duty prevented it, I went to Holme House, had a long talk with Lady Lulworth and Lady May, a game with Ru and Rose, a few minutes' conversation with the earl, and then returned to my work, cheerful and happy. In the evening the earl's family and I were sure to meet again. And so the days glided by serenely.

One of the beauties of that season was a Miss Sheridan, a wealthy American heiress. She was tall and slender of figure, with a pale, refined face, and there was a certain frankness about her that won all hearts. Her father was a self-made man, and had amassed an immense fortune through petroleum, and Miss Sheridan never made any secret of it. In some way her father had been of service to the British Government, and he had been urged to visit London. Society had patronized and borne with him, but his daughter had been really liked and admired.

Lady May Flemyng had taken a great fancy to her. They were much together, and it was a matter of common occurrence for me to meet Kate Sheridan at Holme House. I liked her in a kindly fashion, and enjoyed talking with her; but in my heart there was not the least approach to love.

Of all the many different people I have met, I mention Miss Sheridan especially, because on every occasion she went out of her way to be kind to me. She liked me, and in her frank, fearless fashion, was never ashamed to show it. I might have fallen in love with her had I not met Lady May.

Lady May Flemyng was considered one of the loveliest girls in England. Her Southern style of beauty was more rare than the blonde loveliness of Lady Lulworth. At that time few were so popular as the earl's ward. If she attended the opera-house or went to a ball, people crowded to look at her. If she walked or drove in the park, she was mobbed after the fashion of royalty. The "professional beauties" were neglected when she was by, and she was the envy of almost every woman in society. They could not do as they often did—find consolation in abusing her or denying her beauty, for it was there, brilliant, incontestable.

The wonder is that Lady May's head was not turned by the homage she received from her admirers. She had no preferences; duke, earl or commoner, they were all alike to her; and when the countess reproached her for being cold-hearted, she would laugh and say:

"My turn has not come yet, Lady Lulworth. When it does, you may be sorry for me."

I used to be stung with jealousy when I saw men paying her attention. Yet what love was so hopeless as mine? She was always kind to me, always had a smile for me; but I could not presume on the childish friendship of long ago.

"Gabriel," she said to me once, "why are you so stiff, formal, and miserable with me in public? Last night, at Lady Cowper's, you never spoke to me except when I called you; and here at Holme House you are the most delightful companion possible? What is the cause of the difference?"

"How could I come near you last night? The Duke of Normanton never left you, and you had a cordon of lovers around you, so that I could not approach you."

"Why did you not break through it?" she asked, with a gay, frank laugh. "I was wishing that you would, and that you would come and talk to me."

"I do not like to presume on your kindness," I said.

"Presume? What nonsense, Gabriel? You know that I like talking to you better than to any one else."

"Do you, indeed?" I interrogated, my heart beating fast.

Oh, weak, credulous simpleton, to forget for one moment the difference between Lady May Flemyng and the son of the keeper of the south lodge at Langton Woldo, who had been educated by charity—only by charity—though Heaven had made him a poet! What had he in common with the heiress of Chesney Manor?

So when she scolded me in her graceful fashion for not talking to her, I had nothing to say; my heart was aching with love and jealousy. She must have thought me ungracious and stupid. What would she have thought had she known the truth?

"Gabriel," she would say to me at times, "are you going to Lady So-and-so's ball? We will be there, and if you want to dance with me, you must ask me."

"I shall be only too proud, too happy, if you will allow me, Lady May."

"There is no question of allowing, Gabriel; I like to dance with you. Why should I not please myself?"

"You do not seem to understand how difficult it is for a man like myself, without either name or position, to force his way through a crowd of your noble-born admirers."

"I would rather dance with you, Gabriel, than with any man I know, no matter how nobly born."

When the dark eyes looked into mine, with the golden light in them deepening, and just a ripple of pain flitting over the fair face, I could not explain to her our respective positions, but I knew what a terrible difference there was in them.

I do not think that I was in the least ashamed of my birth; but at times there would come across me a feeling of intense wonder that my youth and manhood should be so different from my childhood, and that I should in so natural a fashion have changed one sphere of life for another so unlike it. There was also a sense of incongruity. How could I, a lodge-keeper's son, keep those of her own class and station from the side of the heiress of Chesney Manor? How often I was pained by hearing people ask, "Who is that with Lady May?" And when the answer came, "Lord Doone's secretary, young Holmes, I was never surprised at the next question, "How comes he to be so much with the beauty of the season? He is nobody in particular, is he?" No wonder I did not feel at ease in public with Lady May Flemyng.

One person seemed to divine my hopeless passion, and that was Kate Sheridan. I remember one morning that Ru and Rose were not well, and I had been telling them stories of good children changed suddenly into angels to Rose's delight and Ru's terror.

"I do not want to be an angel, Gabriel!" he cried. "I cannot fly."

The remark made us all laugh; but I forgot the children and everything else in the delight of watching Lady May as she smiled.

Kate Sheridan was looking at me gravely and the next time we were alone she came to me with a little flush on her delicate, refined face.

"Mr. Holmes," she said, "may I ask you a question?"

"As many as you please," I replied.

"Do you remember the story of the moth and the taper? The brighter the taper is, you know, the more certain what is to happen to the moth."

"Yes, of course; the more certain it is to get burned."

"As our colored folk say, 'There is a great moral lesson hanging round somewhere,' Mr. Holmes."

As though I did not know it! Truly a great moral lesson! But of what use was it to me?

"Answer me a question now, Miss Sheridan," I said. "Tell me why the moth goes to the taper?"

"It cannot help it, I suppose," she answered.

"If one moth is burned, does the next comer keep away from the flame?"

"No, I am sure that it does not," she replied.

"And never will," I said; "the moth cannot help it. It seems to me that there are many moral lessons in one." And she turned from me with a sigh.

Evidently my secret was known to others besides myself. Miss Sheridan must have suspected it, or she would not have spoken to me in that fashion. When I say that I could not help my passion, I do not mean that I was weak or wanting in manliness; the simple truth was—the love which had bound me in its fetters was stronger than I was myself.

As the season advanced, Lady May and I were thrown more and more into each other's society; and there were times when I set my teeth hard lest I should betray myself. The earl's ward loved Ru and Rose dearly; and she would frequently say:

"Gabriel, come into the nursery and let us play with the children."

Those children brought us together as nothing else, perhaps, could have done. When playing with the little ones, Lady May's hand and mine would meet, and it was almost more than I could do to refrain from clasping hers. Miss Sheridan threw off the shackles of fashion at times and joined us in Lady Lulworth's nursery.

It was strange that her ladyship, who loved me so well, should not have seen that my whole heart and soul were bound up in Lady May, but she never did. I suppose she thought that our present friendship was but a continuation of the past. It was in this sweet, home-familiarity that I learned the full beauty of Lady May's character. This proud young beauty, whose train of lovers was a theme of conversation, was a strange combination of woman and child.

> "She was the rosy morning of a woman;
> Beauty was rising, but the starry grace
> Of a calm childhood might be seen in her."

She had the simplicity, and the wilfulness, too, of a child; to see her playing with Ru and Rose, one would never have imagined she was one of the queens of society. Indeed I am afraid she made fun at times of some of her grand lovers. She would now and then bid Ru march erect like the Duke of Castleton. It was marvelous what fun, satire, and wit poured from her beautiful lips. I have laughed until tears came into my eyes at some of her droll anecdotes. Her satirical remarks and witty sayings were not understood by Ru and Rose, of course, but were perfectly appreciated by Miss Sheridan and myself.

Had we been brother and sister, Lady May and I could not have been on more affectionate or kindly terms. But that did not satisfy me. I loved her with most devoted love, and would have died for her. But what else was my love but torture and pain? I was compelled to keep a strict guard over myself—by neither word nor look dared I let my secret be known. And it was, indeed, difficult to keep it. If her hand touched mine, if her dress brushed me, if she turned suddenly and her magnificent dark eyes looked into mine, my heart would begin to beat furiously and my face would turn deathly pale.

I think if some interruption to my love-dream had not come just then I should have lost my reason; and the interruption was the publication of my first book. I had given it a modest name—"English Songs and Lyrics;" and I awaited its appearance with an anxious heart.

A first book is like a first child; and mine was unutterably dear to me. It was the very pride of my heart, the very love of my life; and I wondered what this child of mine would be like in the eyes of others.

Need I say what I did with the first copy? Although I longed to look at it as a mother longs to look upon the face of her first-born, I sent it without examination to my dear benefactress.

In a few lines that none but herself could understand, I had dedicated it to her whose generous, graceful kindness had made me what I was.

With it I sent her a letter in which I opened my heart to her.

I told her of my great love and most respectful admiration for her and of my deep, passionate gratitude. I told her that my life was hers, to do with as she would, and that I asked from Heaven no greater grace, no greater kindness, than that I might live and die for my dear patroness.

I had a most kind letter in return. She said she had read the book through, and her words of encouragement were very sweet to me.

"I told you years ago, when you were 'little Gabriel,' that you would be a poet," she said. "You have realized my hopes and found your true vocation."

When I had sent a copy to Lady Lulworth, I looked at the book myself, and, as was natural, was delighted with the binding, the type, the illustrations—in fact, the whole book. I do not like to dwell upon it; but I awoke one morning, to quote an old saying, to find myself famous. The critics spoke favorably of my poems and predicted a brilliant future for me. I shall never forget the number of congratulations I received, or the kindness of the marquis—above all, a little note I have by me now. It contained but a few lines, yet every letter in it was to me like gold.

"DEAR GABRIEL.—What have I done to prevent you from giving me a copy of your poems as well as Lady Lulworth? I am half offended, and am writing to see what excuses you have to offer for the omission. Come over this morning. Ru and Rose want to see you.

Your old friend,

"MAY FLEMYNG."

I went to Holme House, and to this day my reception there is one of the brightest memories of my life. The earl took my hand in his and offered me his heartiest congratulations.

"Gabriel, you will live to be a Poet-Laureate," he said.

Lady Lulworth came up to me with extended hands; her lips trembled when she spoke, and all she said was—

"I am so pleased, Gabriel; but I am not surprised."

I could make no answer when Lady May said to me—

"What have I done, that I, who would have treasured it so much, have not received a copy of your book?"

How could I tell her that the book was hers—hers by the inspiration of her beauty—that the passionate love-songs in it were all composed for her? Kate Sheridan suspected this, for she said to me:

"I know your ideal, Mr. Holmes. I can tell for whom some of those beautiful lines are meant. 'Dark eyes with a golden light'—there is but one pair of eyes that have that."

It was gradually dawning upon me that Miss Sheridan resented anything I might say or think of any one else.

"You have to receive the congratulations of two very important persons, Gabriel," said Lady May. "Come with me."

I knew where we were going as we walked through the corridors. She turned her beautiful face to me.

"Gabriel," she said, "do not think that because I laugh I am careless. I am delighted for your sake; and I am proud of knowing you."

She stood still and held out both her hands to me, the golden light shining in her dark eyes.

"I know many men," she went on, "but only one poet. I have read all your poems, sir. Who is your heroine? I like her very much. But, Gabriel, all your heroines, whether they are sweet, sad or gay, have dark eyes. How is it? Do you see no beauty in a blue or violet one?"

"Yes I see beauty; but I do not see love," I replied, and she looked astonished.

"I cannot discern any difference, Gabriel."

"I can, Lady May. All the love in the world for me lies in dark eyes. I know of eyes that look like the water of a mountain tarn; and yet when the owner of them is glad or sympathetic, a golden light shines in them that makes them the most beautiful in the world."

"How charming!" she said; and I saw from her manner that she had not the least idea I was speaking of herself. "That is one of your heroines, Gabriel," she added, laughing. "I do not see how we ordinary mortals are to content you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

BY GERTRUDE GARRISON.

Three men, who were good and great,
Favored by fortune and fate,
  Loved one woman; but she
  Loved neither of the three.
They were friends, and they loved each other
As friend loves friend, or brother brother;
  But neither ever spoke
  The name his heart awoke.

The first his love to the woman told,
In passionate words, by hope made bold.
  "Better than fame or wealth,
  More than my life itself
I love you—I love you," he said.
She listened, but shook her head,
  And answered, low and true,
  "I love not—love not you."

The second said, "I love you well,
More than through life my lips can tell:
  Living, I'll love but you,
  In death to you be true."
Why, she did not understand,
But she laid in his her hand;
  And throughout all her life
  She lived his faithful wife.

Of his love for her, the third
Spoke never a single word;
  Yet was his love's degree
  The highest of the three.
He watched her live, and saw her die,
But his heart never voiced a cry.
  Somehow, when her life was past,
  He knew she was his at last.

True and False.

BY W. M. M.

"WELL, Trevor, old fellow, we shall soon be at my ancestral home now," said Sir Alan Fitzroy, as he and his tutor sat after a late dinner at the "Lord Warden," Dover, where the two young men had just arrived from a Continental tour.

"No doubt," was the brief answer.

"I wonder whether the girls will be much altered?" resumed Sir Alan.

"You mean Miss Fitzroy and your cousin, I suppose," observed Mr. Trevor, lighting a cigar as he spoke.

"Yes; certainly. Who else could I mean? As to Isabel, of course she will be looking in high feather, being on the eve of promotion and matrimony," laughed Sir Alan. "I shall have to act 'papa' at the wedding, and do the blessing and all that ceremony. But it is Florence L'Estrange I am thinking more about. She was just at the age to turn into a lovely or a plain girl, when we left. I rather think she will be prettier than Isa this time."

"Perhaps. I am no judge in such matters," returned Trevor, tartly.

"What a dried-up fellow you are, Trevor! Though you are not thirty yet, you talk like some old musty professor about the other sex. Yet, I do remember you and Florence seemed quite on very easy and confidential terms when we were at Temple Roy, two years ago."

"Mrs. L'Estrange wished her daughter and Miss Fitzroy to have some instructions in Spanish and German, which your sister did not care for so much, but which Miss L'Estrange seemed to enjoy," was the reply; "that was all. And now that they are both out of the school-room, and I shall take leave of my duties to you, Fitzroy," he added, "of course all acquaintance will cease with the 'musty professor,'" he added, with a smile.

"Nonsense! Trevor. As if you were not my best friend, and always will be," said the young baronet. "As to Isa, she will be off the books in three months or so; but Florence and my aunt will, I am sure, make you always most welcome at Temple Roy, while they keep house for me; and if I take a wife, she shall be informed duly that there is always to be a room kept for my old tutor and friend."

Sir Alan extended his hand as he spoke, and clasped Trevor's with a warmth that was perfectly genuine at the time, as Trevor well knew. But it might be that he either knew the nature of his light-hearted pupil, or else that he had misgivings as to the female element in the family, for his thanks and his smile were somewhat sad and thoughtful, as if his confidence was less strong than his gratitude.

Alan Fitzroy little guessed that the "musty" and "dried-up professor" had treasured up in his inmost heart the memory of those dangerous lessons to which he had alluded, and that a picture of the pale, intellectual face of Florence L'Estrange had been the dearest possession among his goods and chattels during the tour.

But Ernest Trevor was poor, and he had no thought of winning the daughter of the widowed Mrs. L'Estrange, with her high birth and modest dower. He could have cut off his hand rather than have betrayed the confidence of the mother, or the happiness of the daughter.

The next evening saw the arrival of the young men at Temple Roy, and all doubts as to the improvement in the young girl they had left long months since were put at rest.

"Good heavens! Trevor, is it possible that is Florence? Why, she is absolutely lovely, with that rounded, oval face, and exquisite features, classically cut!" exclaimed Alan, as he saw the girl waiting for them on the terrace. "And all that thinness and sallor has gone; she is only refined and delicate. Isa is a splendid girl, but Florence beats her hollow."

Ernest's heart sickened, though he felt that he was an idiot for his pains, when he had no hope for himself—none.

Yet, when he saw Sir Alan's pointed attentions to the fair girl, and he knew that he was free to gratify his inclinations, wherever they might point, it was constant torture to the "musty" tutor during the weeks that followed.

And Florence!—what of her? That was the next subject of deliberation for the unhappy Ernest.

He could scarcely wonder that she was so flattered by the handsome, gay young baronet's devotion, as to disregard the graver and less attractive tutor; yet it was very bitter to watch the progress of the intimacy between Florence and her cousin.

There was no mistaking the lover-like tone of his manner, nor the soft and happy reception of his attentions on her; and when at last Alan spoke out, and formally proposed to the orphan cousin, it needed but Mrs. L'Estrange's consent to sanction and complete the happiness of the lovers.

Strange to say, that consent was suspended for a brief space; though, for what reason even the young pair themselves could not divine.

Mrs. L'Estrange was absent for a whole day, in consultation, as she said, with her lawyer at Nottingham, before she would listen to Alan's surprised and piqued remonstrance at such unreasonable delay.

But when at last she had taken all these precautions, and cleared away any real or imaginary obstacles to the engagement, she was even more cordially inclined for its speedy termination than could have been hoped by the impatient Alan.

She consented that the weddings of the brother and sister should be on the same day; and the trousseau of the young Florence was put into active preparation, in order to accomplish that welcome plan.

And Ernest Trevor silently looked on, and with a breaking heart, and coldly calm exterior, he played his part as confidant and assistant, and even yielded to Alan's entreaty that he would be his "best man" at the wedding.

"It is but one pang more," he thought; "and I could bear all, if I thought he was worthy of her; but now, alas! I fear for her happiness. Alan is a good fellow, but he can neither comprehend her high-souled nature, nor would his love be deep enough to stand any severer test than the surface happiness he has enjoyed; yet, please Heaven she may be happy, and then I can bear the rest. It is my own idiotic weakness that has led me into this life long grief."

Poor Ernest! he was indeed a victim his keen appreciation of the fair and gifted betrothed of his friend, and who had appealed—even to his modest self—once not insensible to the congeniality of their natures.

* * * * * *

"The day after to-morrow we shall all be separated for I know not how long," exclaimed Sir Alan, as the party sat at breakfast, two days before the double bridal. "I vote for a long expedition to-day to the Forest—a sort of picnic in the open air; what say you, Isa?" he said appealingly, to his sister.

"I am quite willing. We will have a jolly day," said the girl, gaily, "the last of our liberty—eh, Flo?" she added, with a mock sigh.

"I do not think I can go; there is so much to do," said Mrs. L'Estrange.

"Then I will not," said Florence, quickly.

"Nor I," was echoed around; and the lady was forced to consent.

It was a lovely day; and the party, when they at last assembled in the glade, where they had the meal prepared, were in the gayest spirits. There was but one whose heart was heavy and tongue silent and grave, and had seated himself somewhat on the outside of the little party, apart from the four lovers, and nearer, somewhat, to Mrs. L'Estrange than the rest; and the two exchanged but few and far-between sentences.

"What is that noise; it is almost like some wild animal," exclaimed Mrs. L'Estrange, as a cracking of boughs met her ears—a noise of rapid and determined footsteps in the thicket.

Before he had time to reply, a female figure, dressed in a costume strongly resembling a gipsy's, rushed out of the thickly planted trees, and stood before Mrs. L'Estrange and Ernest.

"I have found you at last. I have found all out," she said, rapidly. "Where is my child?—my child that my husband sold to you, when your own died, and which he never confessed till his dying day? But now I have found you, and I will not give her up—she is my own—my only one."

Her eyes glanced wildly round as she spoke; and in an instant she had fixed them on Florence, with a passionate love and admiration in their flashing joy.

"Yes, yes! that is my child—it is her eyes and hair—and the mark on her brow, with which she was born; she is mine—my own!"

All recoiled, believing the intruder to be mad; and Sir Alan was about to attempt to seize her and move her by violence, but Ernest interposed.

"One moment," he said. "Mrs. L'Estrange, this is for you to acknowledge or deny. If you deny the woman's tale, she shall be at once arrested and compelled to prove or retract it. Only give the word."

Alas! there was little need for words—the trembling form and quivering lips of the unfortunate lady spoke but too plainly; but Alan persisted.

"Woman, how dare you; where is your proof. You shall be severely punished for this infamous falsehood!" he shouted, rather than spoke.

"Foolish boy! I have writing—her own writing; and signed by herself. My husband had kept it, and gave it me when he was dying. But if he sold my child, I will not—she is my own."

"Alan, Alan, leave me," said Florence, faintly, "I cannot bear it."

But he turned from her appealing glance.

"Aunt—Mrs. L'Estrange—is this true? I insist, in justice to myself, on knowing," he said, sternly.

The lady bowed her head; her lips refused to speak the confession; but she dared not deny the truth.

Sir Alan turned away, he did not even return Florence's look of agonized appeal.

"Isabel, come with me. Stanley will accompany us; this is no place for you," he said, coldly.

"Sir Alan—are you a man—can you leave her thus?" exclaimed Trevor, indignantly, "you can never have loved her—never. Look at her, and tell me whether you can desert her in her need?"

"I am very sorry; but it is no fault of mine. It is my aunt whom you should blame, not me. I leave you to your self-assured task of mediation," replied the baronet, struggling, perhaps, between wounded pride, and love, and anger.

Ernest turned contemptuously away.

"Florence—dear Florence! be comforted; trust in me. I will never desert you till you send me from you," he said, tenderly, as he placed himself at the stricken girl's side. "Listen to me, my good friend," he added, turning to the gipsy woman, with gentle remonstrance, that had more weight than angry reproach, "you shall have justice, and your child will own you as a mother, if it is true; but you must give her time to recover and prepare. It is a great surprise and shock to find this lady is not her mother, when she has loved her as one."

"Yes; and she likes being a fine lady best. She'll not like to come away, I expect; but still—still, I do love her! my child—my child!" sobbed the woman, passionately.

Ernest judiciously soothed the jealous sorrow, and managed to defer the dreadful crisis for a few days, on giving his solemn word, and also the girl's pledge, that she would not evade the required submission to her fate.

It was Ernest who arranged for the comfort of the stricken Florence, by persuading her mother to give up her wandering life, and to settle in a modest cottage, which Mrs. L'Estrange enabled her to take and live in with comparative comfort—it was Ernest who averted from the poor girl the worst pangs of grief on Mabel's bridal day, which was to have been her own, by arranging for her and her new parent to move into temporary apartments in Nottingham, far away from the festivities at Temple Roy, which Sir Alan insisted, with bitter perversity, should be celebrated to the very full.

And when at length all was over, and Ernest quitted the stately mansion of the fickle baronet, it was to Florence's new home that he repaired, before leaving the county for his University life.

"Florence," he said, "I will not insult you by speaking what has been so long in my heart, till old memories are softened and your wounds somewhat healed; but one day I shall try whether I can ever hope to win the priceless treasure of your love and your hand."

Florence shook her head, but she did not resent the words.

And as time went on, she began to find comfort and occupation in soothing and calming the wayward but passionately tender morals of her untutored mother, and to reconcile herself to the lot which was appointed to her by Providence.

Already she could thank Heaven that she had not given herself to a man whose nature had proved so superficial and unworthy—already she began to recognize that her love for Alan had been rather flattered vanity, and custom, and ambition, than absolute congeniality of heart, and mind, and feeling.

And when, some twelvemonth afterwards, Ernest Trevor came to tell her that he had at last won a sufficient income to gratify her every taste and wish, in moderate and reasonable limits, she did not shrink from his appeal to make his home happy, and to reward his true and noble love by her own deep gratitude and affection.

And Florence lived to bless the day when she was discovered to be the substitute and not the real child of the aunt of Alan Fitzroy, since it enlightened her eyes to the true gold and the dross.

LAW AND THE GOSPEL.—At the great lawyers dinner at Clement's Inn, London, after the banquets of the learned society, members and guests rise on the removal of the white cloth, and witness the following thanksgiving in pantomime. Before the president of the second table the butler puts a mass of bread, consisting of four loaves adhering to each other by their kissing crusts. Taking this mass of bread in his hand, the said president to the second table slowly raises it above his head to the full reach of his arm, and after a few moments pause brings it down with a thunderous whack on the oaken table. A second time the bread is elevated and struck upon the resounding board. Yet a third time the same feat is performed; and then, before strangers have had time to recover from their astonishment, the grace-actor has thrown the bread so that it slides and spins down the bottom of the long table, where it is caught up by the butler, who instantly runs out of the dining-hall with it in his outstretched hands. The whole matter is typical. The four loaves represent the four gospels; the three elevations are in reverence of the persons of the Sacred Trinity; the manner in which the bread is cast down the table indicates the liberality with which the Bread of Life was given to mankind; and the alacrity with which the butler runs out of the hall exemplifies the alacrity with which zealous servants hasten to distribute the bread of spiritual knowledge to those who hunger for it.

IN Chicago hand-organ players are limited to twelve hours playing daily.

New Publications.

"Mildred's Cadet: or, Hearts and Bell-Buttons, An Idyl of West Point," by Alice King Hamilton, wife of a United States Army officer. This is an unusually fascinating and original love story, dealing spiritedly with a summer sojourn at West Point. The style is light, breezy and delicious; the interest is continuous and absorbing from first to last; the plot is full of telling points, and the incidents are both strikingly romantic and novel. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Price, 75 cents.

Charles C. Ford, the well-known advertising agent of New Haven, Conn., has issued an excellent newspaper directory, which can be commended to all having interest in such publications. It covers the entire field of newspaperdom, and is gotten up with a special view to convenience, compactness, and accuracy.

MAGAZINES.

The August number of *Lippincott's Magazine* contains a number of capital illustrated articles. The place of honor is given to a sketch by a daughter of the late Canon Kingsley, entitled "A Glimpse of the Cumberland Border," with several views of border landscape; but it will scarcely find as many readers as C. F. Holder's racy story of adventures in "The Home of the Giant Squid," on the coast of Newfoundland, with illustrations of the Squid and his haunts and captors. Dr. Oswald's entertaining paper on "Zoological Curiosities" is also illustrated. "New Ground," by S. M. Collins, is a sketch of life on a Tennessee tobacco plantation. "On the Wrong River," by C. F. Johnson, Jr., is a story of exciting adventure in the Adirondacks, and housekeepers will be interested in the experience of "Housekeeping in North Carolina." There are some good short stories, and "Craque-o-Doom," M. H. Catherwood's serial story, is concluded. It will be followed next month by a new serial by Sherwood Bonner.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for August contains the following articles: "The Herring," by Professor T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.; "Physical Education," by Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; "The Blood and its circulation," by Herman L. Fairchild, illustrated; "The Teachings of Modern Spectroscopy," by Dr. Arthur Schuster, F. R. S., illustrated; Origin and History of Life Insurance," by T. Wehle; "The Insufficient Use of Milk," by Dyce Duckworth, M. D.; "Intelligence of Ants," by George J. Romanes; Lunar Lore and Portraiture, by F. E. Fryatt; "The Visions of Sane Persons," by Francis Galton F. R. S.; "Schoolroom Ventilation," by Dr. P. J. Higgins; "Origin and Uses of Asphalt," by Leon Malo, C. E., illustrated; "The Unit in Plant-Life," by Byron D. Halstead, Sc. D.; "The Electric Storage of Energy," "Sketch of Robert Wilhelm Bunsen," with portrait; Correspondence, Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany, Notes, etc. Appleton & Co., New York, Publishers.

The Sanitarian for August is promptly at hand, as usual. The first paper is by Surgeon-General P. S. Wales, U. S. Navy, comprising "Sanitary Suggestions for the Information and Guidance of the Jeannette Search Expedition." "The Systematic Study of Causes of Sickness and Death," by Henry B. Baker, M. D., Secretary of the State Board of Health of Michigan. A short but very timely paper on "Yellow Fever Recognition and Isolation," by Dr. Hargis, of Pensacola, Fla., is worthy the attention of all port physicians. "Sanitary Protection in Newport," by Dr. H. R. Storer. "Advice to Mothers in the Care of Infants," a translation from the German by T. B. Corbally, M. D. "The Editor's Table" is full, as usual, of timely topics. The Sanitarian, New York.

NEW MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., of Boston, have sent us a national hymn "God Save Our President;" words by J. R. Jackson, music by E. H. Bailey. The latter is mainly the old air "America 'Tis of Thee," but what the production lacks in originality it makes up in spirit. Price 40 cents.

We have received the following new music from S. T. Gordon & Son, No. 13 East Fourteenth street, New York city: Piano Solos—"Carnival in Rome," by W. Fallman, price 61.; "Rendezvous Waltz," by C. De Nordendoy, price 30 cents. "Dainty Step," polka, Kohaus, 50 cents; "Pilgrim's Vision," by E. B. Spencer, 35 cents; "Come to my Heart," waltz, Metzler, price 30 cents; "Old Hundred," J. J. Freeman, price 60 cents; "Barnum's Parade March," L. Ortonsten, price 35 cents. Vocal—"My Old Sweetheart," Skelly, 30 cents; "Dandy Black Brigade," "Gabriel's Band," "Tell 'em I'll be there," "Darkey's Moonlight Picnic," by J. A. Bland, author of "In the Morning," and "Dem Golden Slippers," etc., now all the rage. Price 40 cents.

IN this issue of THE POST will be found a large number of testimonials, in endorsement of the superior qualities of the Frank Siddall's Soap. As we have personally examined the letters and postal-cards from which the testimonials have been taken, our readers may rely upon their authenticity; and we add, that our own use of the article has shown us that it possesses all the merits these correspondents have found in it, and all that the inventor claims for it.

MARGERY DAW.

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

I'm in love, but I've never told her,
Never told the maiden I love;
I lie in the long green grass and behold her,
As she swings all day in the boughs above.
I'm a student with toil o'erladen,
And a student ever should books prefer,
But she's such a darling, dainty maiden,
My thoughts go swinging away with her.

See saw!
Margery Daw!
Up in the apple-tree Margery swings,
And I, lying under,
Watch her, and wonder
What is the ditty that Margery sings.

And she goes swinging; and I go slaving,
Turning the leaves of a musty book,
But surely that was her white hand waving,
And surely that was my darling's look.
A perfect fortress of books I sit in,
Ethics, economy, politics, law,
But all the pages I vow were written
By that little philosopher, Margery Daw.

See saw!
Margery Daw!
Up in the apple-tree Margery swings;
And I, lying under,
Watch her, and wonder
What is the ditty that Margery sings.

The light is fading, the day grows older,
And now the westering sun is gone,
And Margery I no more behold her;
In the deep cool grass I lie alone.
For Margery she was a sunbeam only
And I was a fool for all my pains,
But whenever I'm either sad or lonely,
Back comes Margery, back again.

See saw!
Margery Daw;
Up in the apple-tree Margery swings;
For "Life's a dream,
And love's a shadow!"
And that is the ditty that Margery sings.

Love's A B C.

BY S. E. W.

"GOING to India?"

The speaker was one of the gentlemen sitting at an open window on the second story of the "Ocean Hotel," Brighton.

Both the young men were smoking.

"Yes; I am going to India," was the reply. "I will be frank with you, Charley, for we were at school together, were chums at college, and have been close friends ever since. I will say to you what I could say to no one else; and I feel I must unburden myself to somebody."

"A woman, of course?" said his friend, sententiously.

"Yes; a woman."

"Who is she?"

"Miss Temple."

"Isabel Temple?"

"Yes."

"Just as I supposed. But look here, Hal, is she not a bit of a blue-stocking?" Charley asked.

Harry Darnley winced. He could not bear that anyone should speak disparagingly of the woman he loved; and Charley Rossiter used the phrase, he knew, disparagingly.

"I do not thing so," he answered. "She ranks intellect above all else; is fond of the society of men of ability rather than that of mere boys; likes, in fact, to talk of things not persons; in other words, is no gossip, as so many women are. If that is being a blue-stocking, then she is one."

"Precisely. Reads Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and Huxley. I don't mean to be offensive, but isn't this your half-fledged female lecturer? Before long, mark me, she'll be haranguing from a platform, probably in full Bloomers, with a monkey-jacket and a man's hat."

Even Harry could hardly repress a smile, but he replied, warmly—

"You do her great injustice. She is a thorough woman at heart, with infinite capacities for sympathy, self-sacrifice, tenderness, devotion. Only nothing has yet touched her deeper nature——"

"You mean that no man has ever yet won her love," interrupted Charley.

Harry finished, without noticing the interruption—

"As she is full of character, she feels the need of doing something; and so throws herself heart and soul into all the movements, from the Radical Club down."

"Oh! yes; goes to feminine conventicles, where they read poems and essays, admire each other, and listen to transcendental fools lecturing. Faith, Harry, I thought you had more sense than fall in love with a girl of that kind. Grant she is pretty, charming, fascinating, even; I am quite ready to admit the two last, and I know she is beautiful; but for Heaven's sake don't marry any woman who thinks more of herself than she ever will of anybody else."

Harry took a turn up and down the room to calm his irritation, regreting that he had made a confidant of this cynical Charley.

"You entirely mistake her," he said, at last. "You should see her in the privacy of her home, as I have; for I first met her a year ago at her father's country-seat. Her little sisters fairly worship her; so do all the poor of the neighborhood. A woman more free from affectation, or who is less self-conscious, never lived."

"And she will have none of you?"

"In every way I have shown my love, but she will not let me speak. She seems to wish to spare me a refusal, and in that reveals the delicacy of a true woman."

"Well, old fellow, I'm sorry for you. You're not the sort of man either that really first-rate women dislike; and that convinces me that you overrate this Miss Temple: Egad, if she knew you as I do, she'd crawl on her hands and knees to beg you not to go to India, but to remain here, and live for her."

"Some day," said Harry, with a sigh, "she'll find out she has a heart, and then you will see how you have maligned her. She's the sort of girl to die for the man she loves."

"Stuff and nonsense! She'll die for nobody unless, when older, she dyes for herself; pardon the pun, I know it's intolerable, but it's good enough for her. I only hope her hair, instead of coming out chestnut color will come out blue. Ha! ha!"

"You may laugh at women who are intellectual, and sneer at them for blues," answered Harry, sternly; "but for my part I wouldn't marry one who wasn't. Think of being tied for a whole lifetime to a woman. But with one as bright, so full of spirits, as cultivated as Miss Temple, for a wife and companion, one's home would never grow dull.

"'A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a Spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light.'

Heaven bless her! I hope the man who wins her, when I am far away and forgotten, will be worthy of so rich a prize."

"I wish him joy of his icicle. The cold glitter of steel; all brains no heart. She isn't capable of learning even the A B C of love, and never will be. Harry, forget her."

"Well, we shall never agree on this subject, so let us drop it, and forget I ever spoke. What say you to a stroll on the Parade?"

"With all my heart," was Harry's response.

"I shall see her to-morrow for the last time," said Harry, in conclusion. "There's to be a picnic at Paradise Rocks. After that—well, India."

Little did either of the speakers imagine that there had been a listener to their conversation, much less that the listener was the very lady under discussion.

But so it was.

Miss Temple had come to call on a friend at the hotel, and finding her out, had sat down at the table, in her private parlor, to pen her a note.

Now this parlor was the next room occupied by Charley Rossiter, and as the windows of both apartments were open, she heard distinctly every word that was spoken.

It was Harry's voice, Harry's admission that he was going to India, which first attracted her attention.

Going to India!

A sudden pang shot through her heart, a spasm of absolute physical pain, so that, unconsciously, she pressed her hand to her side.

Harry had been so devoted to her for more than a year, that she had taken it for granted he would always be so.

She had, therefore, no wish to change those pleasant relations; as Harry had said, she shrank from him when he became too demonstrative; but now that she found that he was going away, she awoke to the fact that he was necessary to her happiness, and it burst on her like a revelation.

But he was going to India!

It was too late to recall the past.

Yet there was one hope—a slender one, but still a hope.

They were to meet to-morrow at the picnic; and though she could not take the initiative, yet something might happen. Perhaps—perhaps——

She dressed for the picnic next day with the greatest care.

She was in a fever when she reached the Rocks till Harry made his appearance, for she feared something might happen to prevent his coming.

He did not, for awhile, join her; and she was in a fever of apprehension till he did. When, at last, he came up, she welcomed him with a bright smile; and from that moment she was one of the gayest of the gay.

"How warm it is," she at length said, fanning herself vigorously. "I wonder if there is more breeze on the beach."

Immediately her attendants, one and all, offered to escort her to the shore—Harry amongst them.

She put her arm in his.

"I will accept Mr. Darnley's kind escort," she said, bowing gracefully to the rest. "They tell me he is going to India, and it will be my last walk with him. The rest of you I can see dozens of times yet."

The others took the hint, and bowing, left Isabel and Harry alone.

Neither spoke until they had left the noisy company far behind them, and quite out of sight, and had reached a rocky bluff, with the low, level land stretching before them, and the long line of breakers whitening in the distance.

"Let us sit down here," said Isabel.

They sat down, and, as the sun was still warm, Harry put up her silk umbrella, and held it over her. Still he did not speak. Something in Isabel's manner began to give him hope, yet he could hardly believe it; and he feared to spoil all by precipitation.

"Are you really going to India?" said Isabel; and her voice trembled a little in spite of her effort to be calm. "Is it not very sudden?"

"It is sudden; but it is the only thing left for me to do."

"Why?"

There was a tenderness in the tone that was unmistakable, and such as Harry had never before heard.

A wild, desperate resolution took possession of her companion.

He was no faint-hearted knight; but, as he had told Charley, never before had Isabel given him the slightest encouragement to speak as a lover.

At this sudden shyness on her part he took courage, and resolved to peril all "on the hazard of the die."

Only those who have been in such straits themselves, hoping and yet fearing, but fearing more than they hoped, can know how he spoke.

His earnestness, his passion, made him exceptionally eloquent, even for himself. Isabel listened with a beating heart, and with fast-changing color.

He told how long he worshiped her; how her coldness had driven him to despair; how, being about to go away for ever, he could not leave without saying all this, even though he had no hope.

"Some happy man," he said, in conclusion, "will touch your heart. I shall not hate him. I love you too purely for that. Heaven bless you both!"

She made no reply. But if Harry could have seen her averted face, he would have seen that tears were in her eyes.

After awhile, however, the tears ceased; a look of perfect happiness irradiated her countenance; and then a roguish smile began to play round the corners of her mouth.

She stopped, and traced, once more, something in the sand. But what she traced now were large Roman letters—the letters A B C."

"Haven't you even a word for me?" said Harry, after a pause. "I have not, at least, offended you?"

"I have some letters for you, as you may see, if they will do," she answered, looking up with a mischievous smile; and then she demurely finished off the tail of the C.

What did she mean? Enigmatical as were the words, the look made his heart beat high.

He leaned towards her. She did not move away.

He put his arm about her. She did not shrink; on contrary she said in a low whisper:

"Will you—give—up—going to India if I ask you?" And her appealing look was even more eloquent than her words.

"I will give up my life, even," he answered passionately, pressing her to his breast.

She lay passive for a few seconds with her head on his bosom; then made a faint effort to release herself.

"Not yet," he said, holding her fast. "Not till you have told me that you love me. It seems too good to be true. My happiness would be too great."

"You must not hurry me," she answered, with a saucy, bewitching glance. "Don't you see I am only at the A B C?"

The look of those splendid eyes, her sweet head on his cheek, the close proximity of her tempting, inviting lips were too much for him.

What could he do but kiss her? I am afraid, reader, you or I, if in his place, would have done the same.

"There, that will do—at least, to begin with," she cried, laughingly, but blushing crimson; and extricating herself, with a sudden little movement, from his arms, she said: "You at least, understand the A B C."

He looked at her with such a puzzled air that she broke into a peal of merry laughter.

"Don't be angry," she said. "I am not laughing at you. I was in a room next to that where you were sitting. It was Carrie Stewart's room, but she had gone out, and I was sitting at the table, writing a message to her, when I heard your voice. You understand now. The windows looking on the Parade were open in both rooms, I suppose; you must be more careful, Master Harry, in the future. And it was then I heard the talk about the A B C of love." And she laughed mischievously again.

"What a veritable sprite you are," he answered, joining in the laugh. And catching something of her sportiveness, he said—

"But you must be punished for eavesdropping."

And he caught her once more in his arms, before she could elude him, and kissed her again and again.

"Oh! but you're getting beyond the A B C," she said. "Surely one—is—quite—enough."

"One will be; or I suppose will have to be," he answered. "I am waiting for it."

She opened her eyes wide.

"Waiting for it? Haven't you had—a—a dozen?"

"Yes! But none from you."

"Oh?"

"Certainly."

"From me?"

"Why not?"

She pouted.

"But you love me?"

No answer.

"You love me?"

She looked up from under her half-veiled eyes, blushing really.

"It is not much to ask," he said, "is it? It's only the A B C," you know.

"There, then," she said, "that's the A. We'll see about the B and C bye-and-bye, perhaps, if you behave yourself;" and she glided from his arms again, and stood like a laughing Grace, full two feet distant.

And there we leave them. But Harry was right. Isabel, once having loved, loved with her whole soul.

"She does nothing by halves; she learned the entire alphabet, by Jove!" said Charley, speaking of it many years after. "She didn't stop, as namby-pamby women do, with the A B C."

Scientific and Useful.

CEMENT.—Cement will not bear much sand without its cementitious properties being greatly weakened, the usual proportion being equal parts of sand and cement.

THE PHONOGRAPH IN TEACHING.—A phonograph of an improved construction is to be tried at Paris for teaching pupils the pronunciation of difficult words in foreign languages.

THE APPLE.—An eminent French physician thinks that the decrease of dyspepsia and bilious affections in Paris is owing to the increased consumption of apples, which fruit, he maintains, is admirably prophylactic and tonic, as well as a very nourishing and easily digested article of food.

TO CLEAN ENGRAVINGS.—To clean and whiten engravings which have become dirty by hanging in a smoky room, soak in a weak solution of chloride of lime until white and then soak in running water. Steep for half an hour in water containing a little hyposulphite of soda to neutralize any trace of adhering bleach, and dry between bibulous papers under pressure.

RUSSIA LEATHER.—Russia leather is made from the hide of two or three-year-old calves. The tanning material employed is willow bark, sometimes also pine and pear bark, used either in vats or in the form of extract. The operation lasts five or six weeks. When this is completed the leather is well rubbed on the flesh side with birch oil and oil from sea calves, to which it owes its peculiar odor, and then it is passed through rollers which impress upon it a peculiar roughness.

FEVER AND AGUE.—The *Scientific American* thus tells how to escape fever and ague: An acquaintance of ours, who has resided for several years in one of these creeks, never has had a single case of fever and ague in his family, while all his neighbors have been more or less affected with it every season. He attributes his immunity from this troublesome disease to the use of a good fire in his house every chilly and damp night in summer and fall.

CURE FOR LOCKJAW.—Here is said to be an excellent remedy for lockjaw. It is certainly very simple, and easily tried: Let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour it on the wound, no matter where the wound is, and relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine, it will give relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and in every case three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly.

Farm and Garden.

CABBAGE PLANTS.—Tansy tea poured over cabbage plants after they begin to head, is said to have been found during two seasons a sure defence against the green worm.

CYPRESS IN TANNING.—Tanners sometimes use the fruit of the cypress tree in their tanning operations, and it is maintained that the fruit and even the wood of this tree makes very good tanning material.

SNAILS AGAIN.—To exterminate snails, sprinkle common salt on them and all over the place where they congregate. Two or three applications at intervals of one or two weeks will suffice. Leave the salt until they are exterminated. It kills them, or rather melts them, on the spot if sprinkled on them.

ANIMALS FOR BREEDING.—In selecting an animal for breeding or fattening, obtain one having a large chest—the part containing the lungs, heart, and the larger blood vessels, all of which have an important function to perform in the process of nutrition. It is well-known among cattle men that animals with small chests do not fatten readily, and they are remarkably susceptible to the influence of exciting causes of disease.

FOOD FOR YOUNG CALVES.—Young calves usually do better when several are kept together. A shed well littered is a good place for them. A little corn with bran and oats will be good food for them. Give one pint a day for those under a year, and a quart or two daily for yearlings. Costiveness in cold weather should be carefully guarded against, and, if necessary, half a pint of raw linseed oil, or a pint of linseed meal, should be given with the food as a remedy. Flaxseed ground and mixed with corn or oats ground or unground, is a good appetizer, and keeps the calves in good condition.

HAY.—Timothy left to take its natural course remains fresh and green during winter, but this green portion should never be severed by any close cutting or grazing, or the life of the plant is sacrificed. Most kinds of grasses are not injured so easily, and may be cut at an earlier stage without injury to the plants. Grass cut when in full bloom, makes as good hay for feeding and fattening purposes as at any stage, according to my observation, if we except timothy, that I have found most fattening when cut after the maturity of the seed. The proper curing and saving of hay is of as much importance as the time of cutting, for unless properly done it matters little at what stage the grass is cut, after the seed stem shoots. For my part I am in favor of saving and storing hay in tight barns in as green a state as possible to save it and not have it blacken by heating.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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In every case send us your full name and address, if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

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RESERVED POWER.

It is not wise to work constantly up to the rate at which we are capable. If the engineer of the railroad were to keep the engine's speed up to the highest he could obtain with his skill, it would soon be used up. If a horse is driven at the top of his speed for any length of time, he is ruined. It is well enough to try the power of a horse or engine occasionally, by putting on all the power it will bear, but not constantly. All machinists construct their machines so there shall be a reserve force. If the power required be a four-horse, then they make a six-horse power. In this case it works easily and lasts long.

A man who has strength enough to do twelve honest hours of labor in twenty-four and no more, should do but nine or ten. The reserve power keeps the body in repair. It rounds out the frame to full proportions. It keeps the mind cheerful, hopeful, happy. The person with no reserve force is always incapable of taking on any more responsibility than he already has. A little exertion puts him out of breath. He cannot increase his work even for an hour without danger of an explosion. Such are generally pale, despondent, nervous and gloomy.

The great source of power in the individual is the blood. It runs the machinery of life, and upon its strength depends our health and comfort. A mill on a stream where water is scanty, can be worked but a portion of the time. So a man with but little good blood, can do but little work. The reserve power must be stored up in this fluid. It is an old saying among stock-raisers that blood tells. It is equally true that blood, in the sense in which we use it, also tells.

When the reserve power of an individual runs low, it is an indication that a change is necessary, and that it is best to stop expending and go to accumulating, just as the miller does when the water gets low in the pond. Such a course would save many a one from physical bankruptcy.

SANCTUM CHAT.

STATISTICS in preparation by the Census Bureau show that skilled labor in the United States is better paid and more steadily employed than in any country of the world.

—

AN Eastern railroad offers three prizes, of $50, $30, and $20 to the station masters who keep their stations and grounds in the best and most attractive order, and each is to be allowed $5 to $10 for seed and expenses.

—

IT is significant of the attractions which the Australian colonies offer at present to immigrants that whereas 31,782 persons emigrated in one month of this year from Liverpool to the United States, thirteen went thence to Australia. British America got 8,500, and the West Indies sixteen.

—

A WRITER in the London *Queen* sees in the predominant influence of women in England to-day a significant presage of the country's decline. Where women are very important there is something wrong with the men, argues the writer, and points in proof of this to the fate of Greece and Rome.

—

CONNECTICUT gives to every person who will plant and care for trees along any highway an annual bounty for each quarter of a mile so planted. The trees are to be elm, maple, tulip, ash, basswood, black walnut and hickory, the elms not be more than sixty feet apart, and the others not more than thirty feet apart.

—

As salt-water bathing is known to be ruinous to the hair, it is this season tucked away under the silk-lined bathing-cap, or more securely tucked away in a box at home, and a whole crown of false waves is worn instead; these false locks being constructed in such a manner, and made of such material as to be impervious to the ravages of the real waves of the briny deep.

—

THAT the fears of this country being overrun by foreigners, if the present rate of immigration continues, are entirely groundless, can be the more readily believed when the fact is considered that out of the 1,000,000,000 acres of arable land in the United States only 11½ per cent. are used. This shows that more than 400,000,000 of people can be cared for from the vast resources of the country, besides feeding the balance of the habitable globe.

—

THE Supreme Court of Wisconsin has just decided, in a bill growing out of a wheat speculation, that a contract for the sale and delivery of grain or anything else at a future day is valid if the parties to it really intend to deliver and receive the commodity, not if the purchaser intends to merely receive or pay the difference between the contract and the market price. In other words, a legitimate transaction in business will be recognized and guarded by the Courts but a purely speculative one will be treated as a species of gambling.

—

THE census of 1880 shows an extraordinary increase of railroads in the United States within the last forty years. There has been an increase from 5,161 miles in 1840 to 93,047 miles in 1880. In New England the increase has been from 616 miles in 1840 to 6,009 miles in 1880. Maine in 1840 had but 10 miles, and now has 1,013 miles, almost precisely the same as New Hampshire, which has 1,010 miles. Massachusetts has 1,911 miles, Connecticut, 956, Vermont, 900, Rhode Island, 210.

—

AN English author writes: "We may form some conception of the enormous energy of the human heart when we reflect that a good climber can ascend only 9,000 feet in nine hours—that is, of course, continuously for any length of time, while the work done by the heart is equivalent to raising its own weight (ten ounces) 13,869 feet high. And we put this even more strikingly by pointing out the most powerful engine ever made by man, the "Bavaria" locomotive of the Vienna railway, can only raise itself through 2,700 feet in an hour; that is, its energy is less than one-fifth of that of the human heart. Of course the actual amount of work done by both engine and climber is much greater than that done by the heart; but relative to weight, the energy of the heart far exceeds that of the other two."

—

THE Germans have become a near-sighted nation through much study of books printed in their bewildering Gothic letters. Of late they are beginning to see the folly of this, and are printing books in Latin letters. But it is said that Prince Bismarck, through a narrow bigotry, which he mistakes for patriotism, refuses to read German printed in Latin letters, and returns unread books or pamplets sent to him which follow the new fashion in type. He is thus doing all he can to retard a very beneficial reform, which nevertheless is steadily gaining ground in Germany.

—

THE sect known as the Dunkards lately held their annual convention in Ohio. They profess to follow a literal interpretation of the New Testament, wear broad-brimmed hats and long black coats and "salute each other with a holy kiss." The women wear drab bonnets and abjure ornaments. But there is a conservative and progressive party in the Church—the former insisting that the women shall wear small white caps in church; that the men shall part their hair in the middle and wear no collar to their coats. These matters are as weighty to them as forms and doctrines in other churches.

—

IN the matter of letters directed to persons in jail, the decision of the Postmaster-General is as follows: Letters addressed to a convict serving a term of imprisonment should be delivered to the warden, or other officer in charge of the prisoners. Letters addressed to a person imprisoned to await trial upon indictment or pending indictment should be delivered according to the order of the person addressed at any time before conviction and sentence. If such a person is released on bail no question would arise, as the law presumes every person to be innocent until they are convicted by a jury, and inability to give bail ought not to deprive a man of the correspondence addressed to him through the mail. Until sentence, therefore, letters must be subject to the order of the person imprisoned, unless upon judicial proceedings authorizing seizure of the letters in accordance with the decision of the United States Supreme Court.

—

IT is said that while the plague was raging in South America recently, the grave diggers bore charmed lives. Of the three hundred men so employed, not one of them died of the disease. It has often been noticed that during the prevalence of pestilential diseases physicians, nurses, undertakers and gravediggers, whose business compelled constant liability to infection, have usually escaped in a far greater ratio than their numbers would warrant. The "charm" of this immunity from the prevailing scourge is very simple. They are not scared. They are positive to the disease, and repel its attacks. Fear is a great ally of death. Whoever is afraid of disease is in a negative condition, and really invites its approach. And thus it is the world over. The brave die but once the coward many times. Much unnecessary alarm exists in every community in regard to many diseases. We are, it is true, all liable to sickness and death. But if we are all sober, cleanly and brave of heart, we need have no fear of general infections at least.

—

AN old English author says: I must give as my opinion, founded upon what I have observed, that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, and peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-humor or grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face; it can the least conceal its sensations. We can hide neither ill-temper with it, nor good; we may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another; or rather, it expresses the same emotions, but in greater detail, and with more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples and of trembling tenderness, or a sharp sorrow, of a full breathing joy, of candor, reserve, a carking care, or a liberal sympathy

—

MIRTH has a hygienic value that can hardly be overrated while our social life remains what the slavery of vices and dogmas has made it. Joy has been called the sunshine of a heart, yet the same sun that calls forth the flowers of a plant is also needed to expand its leaves and ripen its fruits; and without the stimulus of exhilarating pastimes perfect bodily health is as impossible as moral and mental vigor. And, as soon as a succession of uniform crops will exhaust the best soil, the daily repetition of a monotonous occupation will wear out the best man. Body and mind require an occasional change of employment or else a liberal supply of fertilizing recreations, and this requirement is a factor whose omission often foils the arithmetic of our political economists.

—

IT would appear that the doctrines of woman's emancipation from the tramels of feminine dress, promulgated some time ago with considerable vigor by strong-minded ladies in this country, have recently been enthusiastically adopted by an association of German matrons and maidens, which, under the significant title of "Clothing League for the Abolition of Petticoats," recently held its first meeting in a concert-room in Berlin. A chairwoman having been duly elected, the proceedings were opened by an eloquent speech setting forth the inconvenience and disadvantage, from a sanitary point of view, of the flowing garments hitherto deemed appropriate wear for civilized females. This discourse pronounced it to be the sacred duty of every member of the association to discard with the utmost promptitude such objectionable raiment. This daring programme of action was hailed with acclamations of approval by all present save one, who courageously stood up for the denounced petticoat upon he ground that it was far more becoming than trousers to members of the female sex. Her protesting voice, however, was drowned in a storm of indignant clamor, and a resolution embodying the sentiments previously enunciated by the chairwoman was passed by an overwhelming majority of the fair leaguers.

—

FOR that matter, though, there seems to be money in all sorts of things in New York. There, for instance, is the second-hand furniture trade, which has grown to enormous proportions, and is now one of the leading lines of business in the city. It is hardly worth while to mention the fashionable second-hand clothing trade, which everyone knows everything about that is worth knowing. Aside from these there are dozens of different kinds of second-hand business going on all the time, and generally at a large profit to the dealers. There is one class of men dealing in old lead, another in old brass, another in building material of all sorts, another in broken glass, and so on through a long list of things that seem to have served their only purpose, and to be no longer of any use to any one. Gathering old rags and old paper is, of course, a large business in itself, and a profitable one, too. The latest industry is that of collecting the small tin cans that are thrown out after their contents of preserved fruits, vegetables, or meat, as the case may be, are used. The tin is of scarcely any value, but it pays to melt down the cans for their solder, and this is now done as regularly as sending rags to a paper-mill. Gathering cigar-stumps around the hotels is an old business. The chewed and nicotine-soaked ends are dried, broken up, and utilized either for fillers in making new cigars, or worked in with the cheaper kinds of smoking tobacco. There are thousands of men in New York who make a living by merely gathering up the refuse of trade and of the household and putting it in shape to be utilized over again, and some of them not only make a living, but get along in the world, too.

I WILL NOT GO.

BY A. W. CROWELL.

I will not go!
I care not to behold that face,
White, white as snow,—
Without a trace
Of all its former loveliness:
Those livid lips I oft did press
In true love's fervent, fond caress:
Now cold and dumb, and silent they.
Ah! who would wish to view them, pray?

Nay, ask me not!
I would not gaze into those eyes,
Their blueness brought
From yonder skies;
I would remember as they were,—
Clear as a lake yet lovelier,
For in their farthest depths there lies
A spark from lights of Paradise.

Now they are dim,
Expressionless, the lids slow,
A marble rim
Above the glow
Of each fair cheek, but I mistake;
The fairest cheek grim Death will make
Pallid as he himself. No, no!
I will remain, I will not go,
That face would haunt me—let me stay,
Weeping the bitter tears away:

Waiting with grief the judgment day;
Waiting till she and I will meet
Face to face at the mercy-seat;
She, with the lights of Paradise
Streaming again from the love-lit eyes;
I, forgetting my bitter pain,
Seeing her eyes as she was, again,—
Never to part from her, ah! what bliss,
Leaving the life that we will not miss.

The King's Bust.

BY HENRY FRITH.

IN the winter of 1842, a gentleman and his daughter, while traveling through Canada, arrived about nightfall at an old-fashioned tavern.

The gentleman decided to stop there instead of going on the village of Shedham, which was ten miles distant, and which they had thought to reach.

The daughter, Carrie, expressed her willingness, as the tavern presented a comfortable appearance, and they alighted, when it was plainly to be seen that the gentleman was quite lame, and obliged to use a cane.

The landlord came out, and calling a boy to take the horse and sleigh to the barn, he ushered Mr. Spencer and his daughter into a pleasant sitting-room, where a bright fire was burning on the hearth, which proved very acceptable to our travelers, who had been in the sleigh since morning.

"Your room will be ready by supper-time, sir," said the landlord, as he left the room and went into the bar-room.

Supper was shortly announced, and after refreshing themselves, Mr. Spencer and Carrie returned to the cosy sitting-room, where they talked and chatted until half-past eight.

They were then shown to their room, which was on the second story, in a wing somewhat distant from the main portion.

The room was very long, with a high ceiling.

On one side was a window, and on the other a door.

Just above the door was a bust of King George III. The room was very plainly furnished, containing two beds, a wash-stand, and a few chairs.

Carrie took in the whole room at a glance, and it must be confessed, had there not been a cheerful fire burning, she would have felt nervous about sleeping there. As it was the warm glow lit up the room into comparative cheerfulness.

While she and her father sat by the fire, her eyes wandered to the bust above the door, when she noticed that the eyeballs had been knocked out, leaving two empty spaces.

"Well, Carrie," said Mr. Spencer, presently, "I think you had better look the door. I am going to count my money."

After Carrie had done so, he drew out a money-belt, heavy with notes, and proceeded to count them.

While doing so, Carrie's eyes involuntarily wandered again to the bust, when to her horror and astonishment, in place of the empty spaces were two glittering eyes, greedily watching every movement of her father.

The young girl could scarcely repress a scream; but, controlling herself, she looked toward the fire, while her father went on counting a large roll of notes.

"I must have been mistaken," thought the girl.

"What could have made me have such a strange fancy, though?" she continued, glancing again at the bust.

The eyes were still there—two burning, savage eyes, that brightened as Mr. Spencer went on counting.

"Good heavens!" thought Carrie, "what shall we do? We are evidently in a den of thieves, and will be murdered for my poor father's money."

How to communicate their danger to her father without those terrible eyes noticing it Carrie could not think. Suddenly a bright idea came to her.

"Father," she said, aloud, "let me take a card and pencil. I wish to make a memorandum of some items I want to purchase in the village."

Her father handed them to her, after stowing away his belt. Carrie wrote, tremblingly—

"Father do not be frightened; we are in a trap. Go in the opposite corner of the room, where your face will be in the dark, and look at the bust above the door. In it you will see two glittering eyes that have watched you count your money."

"Read it," she said, aloud, handing the card to her father. "I want you to see if you think I am too extravagant."

Her father betrayed no emotion while he read, but said—

"You are pretty extravagant, Carrie. I suppose you think your father is made of money;" and he arose and went to the wash-stand, which was in the dark corner.

Once there he glanced toward the bust, and that glance confirmed his daughter's extraordinary statement.

When he came back to his seat, Carrie saw that the eyes were gone.

She leaned over toward her father, and whispered—

"You see it is as I said. I have thought of a plan, however, by which we can both escape. You would be perfectly helpless in an affray of any kind on account of your lameness, so I must try to save us both."

Then followed a whispered consultation, during which Carrie kept her eyes fixed on the bust; but the glittering orbs had not come back. As she concluded, Carrie went to the window, threw it up, and looked out.

Beckoning to her father, who came, she said, or rather whispered—

"You see this shed, father? Well, they will probably come upon it and get in through the window. I do not think they will make the attack before twelve, so I will get out of this window, jump from the shed, go to the barn, take our horse, and go to Shedham for help."

Flinging a wrap over her slight figure, she embraced her father tenderly, and bidding him not worry over her, she jumped lightly out on the shed and disappeared below.

Mr. Spencer watched her for awhile, then closing the window, took out his watch, saw that it was nine o'clock, and proceeded to work.

He first covered up the fire, blew out the light, and rolled up a blanket, with which he made a dummy. This he placed in the bed which his daughter was to occupy. Then he sat down and waited—oh, how anxiously!

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes went by and no sound came from the vicinity of the barn.

Taking off his boots, he crept noiselessly to the window and peeped out, but could see nothing. Then creeping to the wash-stand he laid his money-belt in the drawer and closed it. He then threw himself on the bed and once more waited.

After an hour had apparently gone by, Mr. Spencer threw off his coat and vest, tumbled up the bed, hobbled to the door, unlocked it, and stepped out into the hall. This was all in accordance with Carrie's plan.

"Landlord! landlord!" he shouted.

He then went back into the room and noiselessly threw up the window, all the time shouting for the landlord.

That worthy came flying up the stairs, and, late as it was, he was still dressed.

"Oh, landlord!" gasped Mr. Spencer, rushing toward him, "I have been robbed! my money is all gone!"

"Gone!" echoed the landlord, in dismay.

"Who could have stolen it?" groaned Mr. Spencer. "I had five thousand dollars in a belt, and it is gone—stolen!"

The landlord lit the candle and looked around, chagrin depicted on every feature.

"Why don't you wake your daughter, sir?" he questioned.

Mr. Spencer hurried to her bed.

"Carrie, Carrie!" he called, but no answer came; and the landlord, drawing near with the light, saw the dummy, and cried—

"Why, man, the girl isn't there!"

"What!" gasped Mr. Spencer. "Oh, I see it all! The wicked girl has robbed me while I slept, and run off to meet her lover, from whom I was taking her."

He ran to the window, followed by the landlord.

"Yes, yes, here are footprints in the snow on the shed!" cried the landlord, while Mr. Spencer groaned aloud. "How long do you think she has been gone sir?" asked the landlord.

"For an hour or more, the deceitful jade!" replied Mr. Spencer.

"Then there's no use looking for her, sir," said the landlord.

"Oh, but I must!" cried Mr. Spencer, as he began to descend the stairs, followed by the landlord, who had believed every word Mr. Spencer said.

They proceeded to the barn, followed by the landlord's confederates. They found the horse gone, and her mode of flight was easily explained.

"You may as well give her up sir," said the landlord.

"I suppose I may," groaned Mr. Spencer, and they returned to the house.

As they left the barn he heard the landlord whisper to one of his confederates—

"The job's up, Jem—we'd better let the old man alone."

Once more entering the room, Mr. Spencer threw himself on the bed, and awaited the return of his daughter.

"God bless her and bring her back in safety!" he murmured.

Meanwhile all grew still, and the hours rolled by. The fire had been raked and crackled merrily.

The eyes were not looking from the bust; they had evidently disappeared for the night.

At last, after what seemed an age to the anxious watcher, he heard a loud knock on the front entrance, and five minutes afterwards heard the landlord stumble to the door. Then followed a confused jumble of curses and struggles, then a rush of many feet up the long hall and staircase.

The next minute the door was thrown open and his daughter rushed in, followed by the officers, who dragged in the landlord and his confederates.

"Oh, father!" she cried, "you are safe, safe!" and throwing her arms around his neck, the brave girl burst into happy tears.

The sheriff and his men held the landlord and his confederates in a vice-like grasp, while Carrie related the adventures of her perilous ride.

"Your plan succeeded admirably, Carrie," he said; and advancing to the wash-stand, he took out the money-belt, saying, "my money is all right, as you see."

The landlord quivered with rage as he saw how completely he had been defeated.

As the men began to search the room, the landlord protested his innocence, declaring that they had no right holding him or his men prisoners, or to search his house.

Breaking open the door, above which was the bust, the men rushed in. The room was empty save for a long ladder, which reached a shelf above the door. A hole above the shelf disclosed the bust to be broken in half, so that a man could easily climb up the ladder, get on the shelf, thrust his head in the bust which was large enough for an ordinary sized man's head, and see all that was going on in the adjoining room.

This certainly looked suspicious, but absolute proof was yet wanting.

On returning to the room occupied by Mr. Spencer, they again searched every nook and corner.

Suddenly, Carrie and Mr. James, one of the rescuers, who had been standing by the fireplace, gave a loud cry, for on close examination they had found spots of blood on the bricks of the hearth.

They began to pull up the bricks, which proved loose, when Carrie, feeling faint, gave way to the sheriff and his men, who soon had them all pulled up, when a cavity was disclosed, containing the murdered body of a gentleman whom Mr. James and the sheriff remembered to have stopped at Shedham three days before.

The evidence was conclusive.

The landlord and his confederates were well guarded through the night, and the next day they were lodged in jail, where in due time they were sentenced and suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

MARVELOUS DREAMS.—Most people remember the terrible railroad accident in which Dickens himself and his proof-sheets escaped, while so many victims perished. In the train there chanced to be a gentleman and lady just landed in England after their return from India. The lady said to her husband—"I see the great wave rolling on; it is close to us," and then the crash came, and she was a corpse. The husband was unhurt, and, at a later time, explained his wife's strange words. Ever since they set sail from India she had been haunted in sleep by the dream of a vast silvery wave, and always as it was about to break on her she had wakened in terror. This was the phenomenon which she recognized immediately before the accident which caused her death.

Less tragic is the anecdote of an English farmer's dream. The good man wakened from his first sleep, and aroused his wife to tell her about a startling vision. He had dreamed that he saw a favorite cow drowning in a pond in a neighboring common. "There hain't no pond there," said the wife, with natural irritation and double-negatives. This was undeniably true, but the farmer was uneasy. At last he arose, dressed and walked up the long lane which led to the common. Everything was quiet, but just at the top of the lane the farmer heard the sound as of a man digging. Then a light caught his eye, it glimmered through a hedge that divided the lane from the fields. The farmer cautiously drew near till he was just above the ditch. There he spied a country fellow digging a long, straight, deep hole into the ground. An axe lay beside the hole. At this point the farmer slipped, the hedge rustled, and the delver fled away. The farmer secured the lantern and made for home. Just at the entrance of the lane, he met one of his servant wenches hurrying in the direction whence he had come. "What do you want, my lass? No good, I fear," said the agricultural moralist; and, in short, he made the girl tell him her story. She was going to an assignation with her "young man," who had jilted her and was courting another girl. She had threatened him with an action for breach of promise of marriage, and the swain had promised that, if she would but meet him at 2 in the morning, at the bend of the lane, he would satisfy her, and remove all jealousy and differences. "Very well, my lass," said the farmer; "come, and I'll show you what he had to give you." He led the way, and revealed to the horrified girl the long, deep, narrow hole and the sharp axe which had awaited her. Naturally she did not any longer pursue her lover, and here is a dream which all will admit not to have been purposeless. Indeed the "machinary" of the drowning cow made the vision appeal direct to the bucolic mind. If the authority for the story is not all we could wish, what can excel that for the spiritual rendezvous at "Ticonderoga"—a story lately told by Dean Stanley. How could a man dream that a spirit offered to meet him at Ticonderoga, a place which he never heard the name of till he fell mortally wounded in the battle there, if there were nothing not naturally explicable in dreams.

Of all portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitless of evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

ABOUT CATS.

THE true origin of the tame house-cat is not certainly known, and the difficulty of recognizing its ancestors in any of the wild kinds has caused naturalists to think that the common cat is the product of many crossings of different species.

There is an Arabian legend that traces the cat back to Noah's Ark, and which gravely states that it was there sneezed from the nostrils of a lion—not a bad idea, if we remember that the cat and the lion are the two extremes of the *Felidæ*, or cats.

But the earliest authentic history of Mistress Pussy begins in Egypt, about 1,600 years before Christ. In that country, cats were held sacred to the goddess Isis. They were worshipped during life, and embalmed in death.

When the cat of an Egyptian household died, the members of the household shaved their eyebrows, in token of sorrow, and the body of their pet was buried in a cemetery consecrated to cats, at Bubastis, the city sacred to the moon, of which deity the cat was reckoned a symbol.

The same people were used to carry a cat with them in their hunting or fowling expeditions, much as a sportsman of to-day would carry a retriever, or a pointer. There are ancient sculptures which represent a cat retrieving or recovering a bird that had been killed by a hunter.

It was a crime among the Egyptians to kill a cat, and a Roman soldier, who caused the death of one by accident, was massacred by an infuriated mob.

On the monuments of Egypt have been found representations of a species called the Nubian gloved cat, whose size, and the tapering form of its tail, approach very nearly to the domestic cat of our day. The nations in communication with Egypt all had cats, which are believed to have sprung from the Nubian variety.

The cats now natives of Malta, Russia, Turkey, Sicily, Japan and Mexico have some or all, of the peculiar features of the ancient Egyptian breed, and our domestic pets are believed to have descended from the same stock.

In heathen temples cats were kept to consume the vermin attracted by the remains of the sacrifices of flesh, fruits and vegetables. Cats were rare in Rome and in ancient Britain.

Pliny refers to them, and the first cat mentioned in Greek history belonged to Theocritus. Effigies of cats were borne on the banners of the Cæsars. In the Middle Ages they were believed to be the emblems of witchcraft and sorcery; and if a woman suspected of practicing the "black art" owned a cat she was generally regarded as a witch.

American cats have reason to be proud of their lineage. When this country was discovered, no cats—wild or tame—were found. So, if the ancestors of the present generation of cats did not actually "come over in the Mayflower," they possess the equally proud distinction of having arrived from Europe very shortly after with some of the earliest settlers.

There are many curious and funny superstitions connected with cats.

In Germany, black cats are kept from babies, as ill omens, and their appearance in a house in time of sickness is considered a sure sign that a death will happen within 24 hours.

In Bavaria, a cat marked red, white and black is dubbed a "fire-cat," and it used to be the custom to throw such on the flames of a burning building, instead of water, to quench the fire. Their presence in a house is also supposed to act as a preventive against fever.

When the cat washes itself, it is a sure sign of fair weather. If it licks itself against the grain, or washes its face over its ears, or sits with its tail towards the fire, the weather will be foul.

If there is to be a wedding in a house, the bride should consider herself very lucky if the family cat sneezes the day before.

It is generally supposed that cats abhor water, and there is an old Latin proverb meaning, "The cat likes fishes, but dislikes to enter the water." Nevertheless, neither the popular belief, nor the proverb is entirely correct, for cats have been often known to conquer their hatred of water in order to gratify their love for the finny tribe.

COOKING IN THE STREETS.—In passing through the streets of the Italian city of Genoa, it is amusing to look at the culinary occupations going on in each; with the exception of the three principal ones. Nor is there aught disgusting in the process, or the odors exhaled; for the oil used in the fries is of the pure olives, but the cooks are not over scrupulously clean in their dress, and the utensils they employ look equally so. Here mush and fritters are prepared: and great is the demand for them, and the avidity with which they are devoured. But not only are the national dishes thus cooked in the street, but shops are in each and ranged on the quays, in which the edibles of a more costly nature are to be procured; and where cutlets and capons, smoking hot, tempt by their savory odors the appetite of the passers-by. In the back of these shops are stoves, round which are placed all the necessary apparatus for cooking; and the proprietor, with one or two assistants, white-capped and aproned, with knife in belt, stand ready to boil, stew, fry, or broil, according to the wish of their visitors. A portion of the shop is devoted to undressed dainties, which are seen peeping forth from green leaves and snowy napkins, waiting to be selected by some pedestrian epicure, who may see his dinner cooked, and eat on the spot, in a very short space of time.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY P. S.

Only a bank of weeds, of simple weeds,
Of sweet wild thyme and yellow, scented broom,
Of tangled grass, and slender, wind-blown reeds,
Of brown notched ferns and tall spiked foxglove bloom,
And yet a world of beauty garners there,
Low-twittering birds, soft scents and colors fair,

Only a narrow mound—a long, low mound,
Snow-covered, 'neath a wintry, leaden sky,
Unlit by moon or stars; and all around
Through bare, brown trees the night-winds moan and sigh;
And yet a world of love lies buried there,
Passion and pain, bright hopes and dull despair.

O golden bank, where sunbeams glint and play,
Bloom out in fragrance with a hundred flowers!
O narrow mound, keep till the judgment day
The mournful secrets of these hearts of ours!
Then in God's light let joy and sorrow fade,
For near His brightness both alike are shade.

Morna May.

BY MADGE.

I WISH I could tell the story of Morna May, so pathetic, loving, and true in its reality—to give you the picture of her sweet yet sad sojourn upon earth, and, with buoyant pen, draw you the little romance of her life as needs it should be given you. No mortal pen can convey the reality of nature to perfection, nor limn the outlines of truth with that precision which we can only feel and see; so I shall not attempt it. I shall only tell my short narrative as clearly as I remember it, just as Morna would have wished me to do before she was called to her home above.

I see her now as I saw her a year ago, sitting beside me, tenderly fondling my old, withered fingers in her soft white hand, looking out on the fair landscape before us.

It was a lovely day in June. The sun had been shining brightly; myriads of insects were shimmering gaily in its yet slanting rays; the birds in vesper melodies were chanting their sweetest strains in sportive chase from the high oak tops to the waving grain below. The heat which had bowed the heads of the roses and drooped the eglantine swinging lightly in the breeze, had unwound the golden hair about her snowy neck, and flushed the usually pale cheek, making the childish face ethereal.

"Isn't it beautiful, auntie?" said she, suddenly, pointing to the dying halo of the horizon sunset. "Oh, see! everything is beautiful in its season!"

"Even thee, sweet Morna," said a voice almost at her ear.

Morna gave a quick start, and her heart throbbed violently, as she unconsciously tightened her hold upon my fingers.

"Oh, auntie, what is it?"

"As the roses fair and pure,
In the summer day,
Thus I seek my only love,
Morna, Morna May!"

Almost from our side seemed the voice to come, and yet we could see no one. The scene without was one of tranquil repose, naught save the twittering birds in the old oak disturbing the silence. Instinctively we both looked up into the shadows of the stalwart tree, but only the swaying leaves and the tiny forms of the merry carollers met our eyes. Suddenly the tones came again, this time dying on the air, as if from one in bodily pain:

"He will guide my footsteps
O'er the barren way,
Till I find my pearl of life,
Morna, M-o-r-n-a M-a-y!"

At our very feet seemed the words to die away; and from thence, too, they came. With one accord we bent over the sill into the verandah, and as we did so a cloud of dust swept the street, and a girl, young and beautiful, mounted on horseback and followed by a groom, turned the corner and checked her steed directly before us.

"There he is—he is there!" exclaimed the man excitedly, pointing to the flower-laden platform beneath our window; and as he spoke the girl jumped from her horse and threw herself into the foliage of flowers.

There, hidden midway between the shrubbery and evergreens, lay a man, exhausted, apparently dying, the blood oozing from his arm, the wan features compressed in pain.

Startled, but resolute, the girl produced a silken handkerchief and bound the bleeding limb.

"Oh, you good, noble man," she cried, and coloring as she bent over him, "how have I deserved this?"

But her words were lost upon him. He lay insensible.

"Oh, he is dead!" kneeling beside the body and chafing the cold hands. "And I—I have killed him!"

"Nay, not dead," said Morna, softly coming from the portico. "He has but fainted."

The proud-looking beauty lifted her head, and her eyes met Morna's. Eunice Grahame was a handsome girl, well-bred and born. With grateful humility she now looked for the first time upon Morna, but in that glance they became friends.

There, bending over the inanimate form of the stranger, Eunice Grahame hastily told how, on returning from her afternoon's ride, her horse became unruly, and, goaded to madness by the strokes of the tiny whip, plunged and reared, then broke away into the road; how clinging helplessly to his neck, she would have been dashed to the ground had not suddenly a form thrown itself before the maddened animal, and, although crushed and trampled under foot, hung about the beast's neck until she was saved. Then, as the people crowded around, he must have wilfully lost himself to them, though his arm hung limp and broken at his side, the blood dripping from it at every step.

"And is he a stranger—do you not know his name?" asked Morna.

"No—save by this," replied the girl, taking from her bosom a purple case inlaid with pearl, upon which was delicately traced a name.

Morna came close and read the letters: "Sydney Irvin."

"It must have fallen from him when he was thrown to the ground," continued the girl, trying to clasp the spring which had become bent from its fastening.

As she did so a locket of blue enamel, encrusted with pearls, fell from the silk lining and lay open upon the sward. It revealed the face of a beautiful woman painted on ivory, the dark hair brushed from the brow, a calm smile resting upon the mild features. Blushingly the girl stooped and restored the trinket to its place. But the next moment she was pale, and turning to Morna, put the bauble into her hands.

"Will you give it to him when he awakens?" she said.

"Oh, if you wish it."

And Morna took the jewels, wondering in silence at the manner of the strange girl.

* * * * * *

When Sydney Irvin awoke to the reality of events, he did so to a scene of comfort and splendor. The room itself was a palace of cheerful elegance, rich with the sunny brightness of birds and flowers. On a soft damask couch lay the invalid, the broken darkness of consciousness gradually mending into light the pale, haggard features. There was a dreamy languor in the atmosphere as the sunlight, shedding its little fleeting beams 'mid the embers of the waning day, rippled like a halo about the head of the girl watching at the sick man's side.

Very beautiful was she. The Grecian outlines of the face, straight and clear-cut to a perfect contour; the large, passionate eyes, with their curved, inky lashes; the proud mouth, full of rounded beauty, the delicate throat, white as the driven snow, all bespoke the faultless beauty.

She had taken the invalid's hand in hers, and had held it there ever since the shattered limb was set, and the mild opiate of the home physician administered.

"How good of you!" he said, reaching forth his hand and feebly attempting to retain the retreating fingers. "May Heaven reward you—I cannot!"

"Me? I owe you all—my life! Sydney Irvin, by this token I repay you!" Soft and swift as she spoke, the girl bent and kissed his forhead, his cheek, then passionately his lips. "Mine unto death! Promise!"

One wild embrace, one silent vow, and she was gone.

* * * * * *

This accident that made Sydney Irvin our guest was one of those unlooked for incidents which the waywardness of fate often brings to the mortal lot of mankind, binding in its course, as it were, the strangest ties and recollections of our lives. Many were the weeks and days that held the invalid an inmate of Deering Green, the little country retreat where Morna and I were wont to while away the long summer months.

But through every vicissitude of his illness I know there was one true heart that ever shared its changes, one sweet being whose soul yearned for his happiness! How the wan, tired face always brightened into new life under her care! For hours at his side Morna would sit and read to him, and cheer him with smiles and words of comfort, ever and anon playfully reproving him for his imprudence on the day of the accident.

Four long weeks did Sydney Irvin do battle for that thread which holds breath to the frail form of life, and as long had the young heart of the fair girl been deepening into an affection for this stranger, deep, untutored, faithful. And he was conscious, and innately reverenced in love the feelings of her pure heart, even though he knew his silence often chilled her as the coldness of indifference.

As the hours of his convalescence framed themselves into days and the days into weeks, Sydney Irvin grew in strength and health. Then it was that those two wandered, one day, through the leafy site into the dell where the turf was as moss, where the lovely valley, studded with green knolls, and the purple heather revealed all its splendor. The day had been a perfect one in its loveliness, save for the few dark specks in the horizon, which, as the two now wended their way homeward, grew larger and larger, rolling weirdly their misty forms until they covered the horizon in one sheet of darkness.

As the wanderers reached their home, the raindrops began to fall. They stood for some moments at the casement, watching the refulgence of the scene, the coruscations of the lightning as it played over the peaks of the hill-tops. As a crash of thunder pealed forth, Morna clung closer to Sydney Irvin's arm. He stood a moment gazing down on her beautiful face; then he drew her to him.

"Oh, Morna, my darling—my love! Say that you forgive me! You will not be angry with me when you know—know how I love you—even now!"

Bewildered, the girl looked up at the man's face full of beseeching agony. Then she paled

"Oh, I know—here, it is yours! Take it. I should not have kept it so long—oh, so long!" said she putting into his hand the locket she had retained for weeks and days.

He took the trinket, and carried it tenderly to his lips.

"It is my mother," he said. "But oh! has she not told you? Forgive me, Morna, if I have wronged you, my sweet little Morna—for my heart is yours, though my honor, my life, be hers! But we shall be friends, my darling? And you will not hate her for my sake? Say that you will not hate Eunice Grahame when she is my wife!"

He drew the trembling child close to him, but before she could reply he had kissed her wildly, and in another moment was far away from her, and had passed through the garden gate into the lane.

* * * * * * * * *

And thus the little flower was crushed. Morna May did not weep out the anguish of her soul. Could she have given vent to the bitterness of her heart with those silent tears that often comfort us, her grief would have calmed her. Yet she was calm.

When Sydney Irvin passed from Morna she stood petrified with grief. It was with her like a dream unto whose awakening one is torn insensibly, mechanically striving to hold the reality into its late forgetfulness. And this was the bewildering first dream of her pure unblemished life! How with her faithful heart she had loved this man who had just declared her past a thing of dream. Then the realty of her position came to her. She raised her clasped hands up to heaven and pleaded; and in her anguish her woman's tears began to flow.

* * * * * *

Prior to the time I write of, Morna had lived with her mother at Union Grove, one of the prettiest spots in the Vale of Clyde. Here dwelt parent and child, and the only true joy the mother ever knew was when in the summer time she could roam with her child, and, flushed with the healthy walk, sit beneath the old woodland trees and listen to the soft tones of her daughter's voice. For Morna was not robust; not an invalid exactly, but destitute of that activity and mobile youth so characteristic of good health.

Yet the bright, warm color that oftentimes came and went on the pale cheeks, the unwonted light that shone in the large blue eyes, the roseate hue in moments of sudden gladness—these were not emblems of hope.

And now as the summer days waned, so Morna seemed to be fading with them. Her face, once happy, was growing white and sorrowful; her cheerful manner was subdued into a quiet gentleness. Her energy—her life—seemed to be ebbing away as with an inward wound.

One day she said, "Come, auntie, I am weary; let us go."

And thus it was that Morna once more reached her beautiful home. Beautiful in its picturesque loveliness, but sad in its beauty to the fond mother, who saw with despair the Hand creeping upon her darling child.

The days and weeks passed on, and at length it became evident that Morna had not many more to spend on earth. She now left her room but seldom.

* * * * * *

It was a balmy day in autumn. The birds sang as in spring; the sun shone brilliantly on the dying foliage; the village bells were ringing merrily, heralding some joyous event. A wan smile lit up her features as the chime-like peals fell upon the ear of the invalid. She lay upon the couch at the doorway of her chamber, the almost transparent hands folded caressingly upon the book before her, the red light of the western sunset painting into weird hues the hair falling low upon her forehead.

Presently the light faded away, and the last tolls of the bells died into silence. Then Morna said:

"Come closer to me, dearest mother, for the night is cold, and I feel that upon earth I shall never see another sunrise. I am going home, mother, to meet one whom we may ever love, and who may ever love us. How strange it seems that while you are still wending your lonely way, I shall be at rest. I, your little Morna, shall be safely elsewhere, where she can suffer no more—where nothing can grieve her—where all is sweet peace. I am young to die, mother, but my life has been long—oh, so long!"

"Oh, my darling child!" wailed the mother, the hot tears coursing down her pale cheeks.

"Nay, nay; weep not, dearest mother. Above, everything is calm and beautiful. Kiss me; I am weary and would sleep."

With one loveing caress, the smile dying upon her peaceful features, she closed her eyes and fell asleep, never to waken again. Without a struggle, she gave up her life so chaste and innocent into the hands of Him who giveth but to receive.

And thus it happened on the same day when Sydney Irvin stood beside his elegant bride before the altar, his little Morna, who loved him so well, was carried out from her mother's house to be laid at rest in the pleasant churchyard, with the daisies and forget-me-nots shielding their fragrance about the marbled mound.

Show me the man who desires to make everyone happy around him, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give just cause of offence to anyone, and I will show you a gentleman by nature and by practice, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth, nor even heard of a lexicon.

Whatever you think proper to grant a child let it be granted at the first word, without entreaty or prayer, and above all, without making any condition. Grant with pleasure, refuse with reluctance; but let your refusal be irrevocable.

I should have been quite content to die at her feet; but I did not say so; and we went on to the nursery.

New Haven police daren't talk while on duty; save when necessary.

DEGENERATION.

IT may not be generally known that, amongst animals and plants, certain exceptions exist to the rule that living development means and implies progress. All animals and plants by no means attain as adults a higher place and structure than they occupy at the commencement of their existence. Occasionally, the beginnings of life are in reality of higher nature than the completion of existence; and it can be proved that many living beings in their perfect state are of lower grade than when progressing towards maturity! It is to these curious facts in natural history that the collective name of "degeneration" has been applied. It is of high interest to trace out several examples of this, and to note the inferences that may be drawn from them; since it may be shown that the analogies of degeneration may extend even to man's estate and affect human destiny itself.

No condition of animal life is more effectual in inducing degeneration of structure than the adoption of a parasitic mode and habit of existence. The parasite lives on another animal or plant, and may be a lodger merely, seeking shelter and nothing more; or it may, when a typical parasite, depend upon its host for food as well as shelter. Such unwelcome guests are often a source of disease to the animals and plants which harbor them. But nature seems to revenge the host, by degenerating the parasite. An admirable law exists in nature, called the "law of use and disuse." Use and habit develop an organ or part, and judicious use increases the size and strength of living structures. Conversely, disuse causes a wasting and decay of the organs of living beings.

Illustrations of these remarks abound in the animal world. Take, for instance, the case of *Sacculina*, a parasite on hermit crabs. Each egg of a Sacculina first develops into a little active creature called a "nauplius." This organism swims freely in the sea. It possesses three pairs of legs, an oval body, and a single eye placed in the middle of its frame. Soon the two hindmost pairs of legs are cast off, and a kind of shell is developed over the body, and six pairs of small swimming feet replace the missing limbs. In this state it passes a short period of life, and the young Sacculina, like the majority of other animals, is apparently in the way of advance and progress. But the day of degeneration draws nigh. The two foremost limbs increase greatly in size; these members finally become branched and root-like; and the eye disappears along with the six pairs of swimming feet. The animal then seeks the body of the hermit crab; attaches itself by its roots, and then degenerates as the adult into the bag-like parasite whose roots, penetrating to the liver of the crab, absorb the juices of the crustacean host as food. Thus, a full-grown Sacculina is a mere sac or bag, which in due time develops eggs, and which drags out an inactive existence attached to the crab.

The animal goes backwards in the world, until it sinks to the level of a mere tumor-like growth, attached to the body of its crab-host. Endowed first with powers of locomotion, these wholly disappear; furnished with an eye, that organ likewise vanishes away; and parasitism works its will on the animal's frame, degrading it to such an extent, that but for a careful tracing of its history, we could not have discovered that it was a crustacean at all.

The well-known animals we name "Sea-squirts," present us likewise with examples of degradation arising, like that of the barnacles, from a habit of fixing themselves. Each sea-squirt or *Ascidian*, resembles a jar with two necks, as we find it attached to shells and other objects. Its whole frame is enclosed in a dense, tough, leathery membrane, through which the stimuli of the outer world can with difficulty pass. Yet the sea-squirt, rooted and fixed as it appears to be, begins life as a free-swimming tadpole-like being, which propels itself over the surface of the sea by means of its flexible and muscular tail. This tadpole-like body exhibs a superior structure in many respects in the eyes of a zoologist. For instance, it, of all invertebrate animals, possesses a representative of the spine or backbone of the vertebrates. It is the only animal which, like the latter group, has a nervous cord lying above this spine; it has an arrangement of gill-clefts like the fishes, and it has an eye which is formed just as our own eyes and as those of all other vertebrates are developed. Yet to what end is all this promise of high structure? Backsliding becomes the order of the day; the tail of the larva disappears; its internal organs are modeled of a lower type; its eye fades away; it fixes itself by its head, like the young barnacle; and it finally degenerates into the rooted, immobile sea-squirt inclosed in its leathery investment.

The topic of degeneration has, however, more extended applications than those which we have thus hurriedly chronicled as applying to the explanation of the lowness of some animal forms as compared with others. Physiology teaches us that there exists in all living beings from animalcule to man, a natural process of degenerative change, in virtue of which the worn-out particles of our tissues are perpetually being thrown off as their functions fail. The daily waste of our frames is in a large measure a process of degeneration. Still more clearly is that process a degenerative one, which despoils us in old age of our teeth, whitens our hair, dims our eyesight, and wastes and changes in greater or less degree every organ and tissue of our body. So also, many diseases with us, apart altogether from the general breakdown and backsliding of structure that accompanies old age, are the results of what is truly termed "degeneration."

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I have given the Frank [illegible] my personal supervision. [illegible] and satisfied with the results. In addition to [illegible] merits, it takes out sewing machine oil stains like magic. I am in love with it for the toilet and bath. When the lather is allowed to stay on the body the skin feels as soft and pliant as if it had been [illegible] anointed with oil or cream. Please let me know the price by the box.

Mrs. M. A. HARRISON,
Yazoo City, Miss.

A Most Wonderful and Labor-saving Discovery.

Forest Home, Warren Co., Miss.,

[illegible] Frank Siddalls Soap [illegible] Yours [illegible] it [illegible] and [illegible] I have [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

SAVED BY NEPTUNE.

BY PIPKIN.

"As if mother could have meant it. I don't believe she did a bit," said Agnes.

"I dare say if she were here she would say we could go," said Robert.

"But she isn't here," said Isabel.

"How stupid you are, Isabel!" said Agnes; "as if we did not know that without your telling us!"

"And she would so like to have the water-lilies," continued Robert.

"How surprised she would be if we were to take some home to her! how pleased she would be!" went on Agnes.

"I don't think she would," answered Isabel sturdily; "she told us not to go near the water. You know how careful she has always been about it ever since poor Aunt Katherine was nearly drowned."

"Well, it's only just down by the shore that we should go; you don't think we are going into the water after the lilies?"

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, Robert quite agrees that we can do it most easily," said Agnes.

"Do what?"

"Get the water-lilies, to be sure. Have you forgotten the poetry we learned last week about Cowper's dog Boan, how he got the lilies for his master? and why should not Neptune do the same? He goes after sticks and stones, and we have nothing to do but to throw sticks to the water-lilies, and say, 'Fetch them, fetch them,' and of course he will bring them to us. At any rate, we can try, and I'm sure mother wouldn't mind it in the least; she only meant that we were not to get into the water."

"Mother said we were not to go near it," rejoined Isabel, "and mother always means what she says. She told us not to go near the water, so I shall not go."

"Very well, Miss Wisdom," said Robert, then you can stay here while Agnes and I get the water-lilies for mother."

It was a beautiful day in summer, and the water looked like a sheet of glass.

Robert and Agnes climbed over the fence, and descended the gentle slope that led to the edge of the great pool on which the white lilies were floating, with their broad leaves spreading out round them.

Neptune bounded after them; there was nothing he liked half so well as to go into the water and swim about, and to-day it would be delightful.

"He's just in the humor to-day, isn't he?" said Robert. Then he called out to Isabel, who was sitting on the top bar of the fence, "Good-bye, good-bye, we shall not be long, Isabel."

Agnes looked back and said:

"You will be sorry when we have got them that you did not help."

Would she be sorry? Although she felt that she was trying to do right, Isabel did feel just a little sorrowful as she watched her brother and sister running along with Neptune.

She might go after them, and she half rose, as if to get over the fence. But just then she thought she heard a voice say to her:

"Mother said we were not to go near the water."

She quite started, for the words sounded so clear that it seemed as though some one was speaking to her, and she looked quickly round.

But there was no one near.

It was only the voice of conscience speaking in her heart, and making itself heard.

And then Isabel felt sorry that even for a moment she had been tempted to disobey.

"I am glad I did not go," she said to herself, and she turned her face away; "I will not look again, lest I should be tempted to follow them. I will go and wait in the lane."

But she did not do, for suddenly a strange fear took possession of her, and she called out:

"Robert, Robert! Agnes, Agnes! do come back! you have been such a long time away! do come back!"

But they were too far off to hear what she said, though Agnes turned and waved her hat excitedly.

Then she lost sight of them, for they went behind a clump of trees.

She could, however, hear them shouting to Neptune.

But with all her interest in the water-lilies, she was longing for her brother and sister to return.

Suddenly she heard another shout.

"We've got it, hold fast; don't loose the branch."

She sprang up. They would be coming soon.

Then there was a silence, and after that another cry, but this time it was not a cry of exultation, but a piercing shriek from Agnes.

"Robert! Robert!"

Something had happened.

Isabel was over the fence now, flying towards the pool.

How she got there so quickly she could not tell, but it seemed as if with one spring she was beside Agnes, and she too gave a shriek, for Agnes was standing alone upon the bank, and Robert was struggling in the water.

"Help! help! Robert will be drowned! Help!" rose the agonized cry of the two girls.

And then Isabel saw amidst the form of Neptune swimming between them, for he had risen out farther than before for a stick, that was to have brought a water-lily back with it.

"Hi! Neptune, good dog, hi!" shouted Isabel, pointing to the water, "fetch him out!"

Fortunately Neptune understood his little master's peril better than he had what was expected of him in the matter of the water-lilies; for he swam towards the boy as he rose to the surface, and seizing him gently by his jacket, drew him gently towards the shore.

Isabel thought not of danger now, she waded in to help Neptune, and might also have got beyond her depth had not a strong arm drawn her back to the shore, and in another moment the same strong arm had lifted Robert out of the water, and laid him on the bank.

The cries of the children had attracted the attention of some haymakers in an adjoining field, and one of them had arrived just in time to save the drowning boy.

He was borne quickly home, and restoratives applied, and finally he was laid comfortably in bed, where the doctor said he must remain, and be kept warm, and then he thought no harm would come.

"But it is a very narrow escape, a very narrow escape," he added.

And so thought Mrs. Gray, as she sat by Robert's bedside, and so thought Agnes, as she sat sobbing in her own room, not daring to be seen by any one, for she knew that it was she who had incited Robert to make the attempt to get a solitary water-lily that seemed in reach of the shore.

But the branch that was to support him had been treacherous, and had given way just as Robert thought he had clutched the prize.

The result was an illness that almost brought him to death's door. But he got well at last and was a wiser and more obedient boy.

It did not take Neptune so long to recruit after his bath. He had nothing to do but to shake himself, and to roll in the straw till he was dry. And before long he was up in the nursery, and was made much of by every one; for had he not saved Robert from being drowned?

But Neptune did not at all understand that he had done anything uncommon. It was quite as natural to him to fetch Robert out of the water as to fetch sticks, and besides, he loved Robert, and would be willing to do anything for him.

Neither did the attentions received in the nursery make him vain. He was a dog used to being made much of, and he accepted the children's caresses as a matter of course.

Isabel peeped in to look at him, and threw her arms round his neck, calling him "Good dog," and "Brave dog," whereat he wagged his tail approvingly.

Isabel's eyes were red, for she had been crying: but she did not feel unhappy, since she had done her duty in the best manner she could. Agnes, on the contrary, was bitterly lamenting her disobedience and the results that followed.

"I was quite as wrong as Agnes, mother," said Robert, a few days after, when they were all sitting together in Mrs. Gray's little sitting room.

"I am not sure of that," said Agnes, thoughtfully; "I was the first to wish to go, and I suggested throwing sticks towards the water lilies."

"Mother," said Isabel, "it wasn't wrong to want to give you the water lilies, was it?"

"No; there was no wrong in wishing to give me pleasure; the wrong was in going near the water when I had forbidden it. Which do you think would give me the greater pleasure, to have a flower, or to know that my children were obedient?"

"To know that they were obedient," said Agnes, in a low tone.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Gray, "you are right, Agnes; your obedience is worth more to me than all the flowers you could bring me."

"I shall never want to see a water lily again," said Agnes.

"That is foolish, my dear," replied Mrs. Gray; "the fault is not in the water lily, but in yourself. Let the danger that has been so happily averted be a lesson to you not to disobey those who know better than you do, and whom it is your duty to obey. Obedience is a virtue we shall find useful all through our lives."

Isabel looked up in surprise.

"But when people grow up they have not to be obedient?"

"Yes, Isabel, there is no state in life in which we have not to practice obedience in some form or another. You will learn about it when you grow older."

Isabel looked perplexed.

"I do not understand," she said.

Agnes crept closer to her mother, and half whispered:

"Disobedience was the first sin that came into the world."

SOME ADVERTISEMENTS.—One landlady, entirely innocent of grammatical knowledge, advertises that she has "a fine air, well furnished bedroom for a gentleman twelve feet square, another has "a cheap and desirable suite of rooms of respectable family in good repair;" still another has "a hall bedroom for a single woman 8x12." A widow became rather mixed by her grief, but when announcing the death of her husband she was not so confused but she lost sight of the main question: "His virtues were beyond price, and his burial but were only seventeen shillings. He has left a widow and a large stock to be sold cheap at the usual store. He was snatched to the other world just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which forget so cheap that his widow can sell hats a fraction less than any other house in London. Please to bear in mind the business will be carried on as usual.

HONESTY is the best policy of insurance against fire in the other world.

INVITED TO BREAKFAST.

BY C. J.

"WALK out to my house, and have breakfast with me some morning."

Such was the invitation given one day by Mr. Robertson; a genial, middle-aged attorney with whom I was reading law in the thriving town of Abbeyton.

Now, I had only been with him for a few weeks; and what I had seen of Mr. Robertson in business, made me wish to know him and his in their private life; hence I was much delighted to have this opportunity of gratifying my wish.

A few days afterwards, waking up and finding a glorious summer sun streaming into my room, I speedily decided that this was just the kind of morning on which I should accept the invitation to breakfast at Abbey Grove; and in a few minutes I was on my way thither.

Abbey Grove was situated about two miles from the town, and consisted of a small cluster of exactly similar villas, built in a prettily situated spot, which generations ago, had formed part of the grounds of an old Abbey.

I readily found Mr. Robertson's, and on hearing the rattling of a milkman passing by, and walking up the path, I found the door invitingly open, and the house-maid putting the finishing touches on the bell-handle.

"Master is not down yet, sir," she replied to my inquiry as to whether he was at home.

"Oh, then, I will come in and wait," I replied.

"What name shall I say, sir?" asked the girl.

"Just tell him Mr. Brookes has called, and he will understand."

So saying, the girl showed me into a snug little breakfast-room.

Whilst noticing my surroundings, the housemaid had gone up-stairs to announce me: when something like the following dialogue ensued.

"Please, ma'am, Mr. Brookes is down-stairs."

"Mr. Brookes! Who is he?" was the response in a muffled female voice.

"I don't know, ma'am," the maid replied. "I've never seen him here before. But he's a young gentleman, and says he'll wait until master comes down."

"Whoever can he be, and what can he want bothering here, at this time of day?" continued the muffled voice; and thereupon the door was shut.

Now, this was not exactly pleasant to me; but when I reflected that most probably Mrs. Robertson would be unacquainted with her husband's invitation to me, I thought it best not to be offended; so as the newspaper of the previous day was upon a table by the window, I took that up, just to pass away the time.

I had not been sitting thus above a minute or two, when I heard a slight rustling, as of a lady's dress; simultaneously came three or four light footsteps through the window into the room; and before I could look up from my paper, or rise from my seat, a musical voice accosted me with "Good morning, uncle; here is your button-hole."

I started up in no little surprise at this greeting, which was not evidently intended for me; and there stood before me a fairy-like maiden of some sixteen summers, her brown hair falling loosely from a daintily shaped head.

She saw her mistake, and an instantaneous mutual agreement seemed to flash between us. We both broke into a merry little laugh; and I have often wondered what would have happened if we had not adopted this course, if, for instance, the young lady had passed on with a dignified courtesy and ample apologies and bows had passed between us!

Our sudden introduction was, however, not destined to have this sudden ending. In a few moments we were chatting away like old friends. I fancied my fairy seemed to be actually pleased when I announced that I was going to stay breakfast; and I had almost summoned up courage to ask her to present me in reality with the flowers she had undesignedly offered to me, when the entrance of the servant with the completing dishes for the breakfast table served as an excuse for her to leave the room.

She had scarcely gone through the door, when I heard again the greeting, "Good morning, uncle," followed this time by an unmistakable sound, which made me long more than ever to be that girl's uncle! The door opened once more. I stepped forward to meet my employer, but suddenly paused, as a tall gentleman entered the room whom I [illegible] for a moment.

He stood looking hopelessly at me after a sharp "[illegible]," I was too confounded to make any response. My first thought was, "He is some visitor;" but in a few minutes the awful truth dawned across my mind, that this was in reality the owner of the house I was in, and that by some means or other I had got into the wrong one.

The situation was tremendous. I am naturally a cool character; but I was taken so by surprise, and chagrin, that I could only utter some confused apology about having been invited to breakfast by Mr. Robertson; that I had been directed to this house by some miserable misunderstanding; that I humbly apologised for my intrusion, and hoped he would pardon it.

Scrambling [illegible] hat, made a [illegible] my breakfast and start more at the thought of never seeing nor speaking again to that charming [illegible], who, in [illegible] minutes I found I was absurdly in love with!

I said a hurried "good-morning," and was trying to make a ghastly attempt at a smile as I left the room—when, would you believe it? That tall dark man burst out into a loud laugh. I felt ready to knock him down.

I knew how my stupidity would be gaily discussed at the breakfast table, before *her*, and I left my discomfiture and humiliation deeply; but the open merriment at my expense maddened me.

A strange calm succeeded this storm. It was caused by some words uttered by my tormentor. "You really must forgive me: I could not refrain from laughing. My name is Robinson. Your friend Mr. Robertson lives in one of the other houses. We frequently get parcels and letters, and even callers coming to the wrong house: but in all my experience, we have never had so amusing a mistake so early in the day as this one."

Now, this explanation toned down my anger considerably; but the words which followed were like balm to my troubled heart.

"Mr. Robertson will have finished breakfast by now. I cannot think of allowing you to go. Do me the favor of remaining here and breakfasting with us this morning."

So saying, he took my hat out of my hand, and led me into the room again.

Of course the breakfast was delightful. I found Mr. Robinson and his wife sensible, genial, kind-hearted people.

I found their niece even more sensible, more genial, and kind-hearted than they were; and when, after breakfast, I accompanied her and Mr. Robinson into their pretty flower-garden, I received from her a rosebud for my button-hole, which I kept for some years afterwards.

When saying good-bye, I was perplexed by thinking how I should manage to see her again: it must be contrived somehow, I mentally resolved.

Upon returning to town, I lost no time in explaining the situation to my worthy employer Mr. Robertson, who rallied me good naturedly upon the mistake, and upon what the consequences might be!

Next week I was invited to a picnic at Mr Robinson's, and went not only to it, but likewise to Mr. Robinson's house again and again before his niece returned to her home.

* * * * *

Four years have passed since that invitation to breakfast was given to me, and that 'fairy-like girl' is now my wife.

That local milkman who led me astray, bless him, got a handsome 'tip' upon our wedding-day.

FASHION'S FREAKS.—When the French [illegible] were in [illegible] and were [illegible] and [illegible] connected with the aristocracy carried about with them at least one pantin. These were small wooden dolls which, by pulling a string, suddenly jerked out arms and legs, exactly like those which may be seen adorning the hats of "swells" on a Derby day. The rage for them was immense. Nobles, gentlemen, and even grave ecclesiastics were to be seen carrying them about and playing with them. A somewhat similar rage for comfits existed in the reign of Henry III. of France. When the body of the Duke Guise was found after the battle of Blois he had his comfit-box in his hand.

In 1580 the ladies carried hand-mirrors attached to their chatelaines, and were perpetually admiring their own charms. This excited the deepest indignation of a stern old moralist of the time, and he emphatically menaced them with the extremest penalties of the other world. Who would have believed that so late as 1751 the dress of a dandy should have consisted of a black velvet coat, a green and silver waistcoat, yellow velvet breeches, and blue stockings! A satirical writer of about the same period gives a biting sketch of one of his contemporaries: "A coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of fine stuff-breeches, without any money in the pockets; clouded silk stockings, but no legs; a club of hair behind larger than the head that carries it; a hat of the size of a sixpence on a block not worth a farthing." No doubt the same gentleman could paint a picture of the dress of our own time which would appear as ridiculous to the gentleman with the green coat as his own does to us.

UNDISCOVERABLE PEOPLE.—A liberal reward will be given to the man who never inquired, "Is this hot enough for you?" or "Is this cold enough for you?" To the woman who, upon trying on a new bonnet, never mentioned that her hair wasn't fixed. To the writer for the press who never said that his contribution was dashed off. To the person, age or sex immaterial, who, when relating an accident of which he or she was a witness, did not lay particular stress upon what "I did" or what "I said." To the druggist who does not make a profit of one hundred per cent. on everything he sells. To the doctor who has the hardihood to tell a wealthy patient that nothing ails him. To the housekeeper who has not said there is plenty more in the cupboard when pressing the last slice of cake on her company. To the young woman who wouldn't choose an ice cream to a sup[illegible] meal. To the [illegible] who never refers to the cupboard, upon reaching home, for "just a bite." To the storekeeper who never said, "As it is you, I will [illegible] and say," and then charge double price. To the schoolmaster who does not at times look upon the schoolmaster as his natural foe.

AT LAST.

BY E. B. F.

We sat in the breezy pavilion,
  We twain, looking out at the sea—
A worn, weary man stooping over,
  And a woman, once lovely to see.

There was only a glance at our meeting,
  A bow as he passed me, a look,
And the stranger gazed over the ocean,
  And I bent again to my book.

Until by-and-by he hummed softly
  The lines of a song dear to me;
And I, looking, found there was something
  Still strangely familiar to see.

In the tones of the voice softly singing,
  The curl of the whit'ning moustache,
The sweep of the hair silver shining,
  The curve of the eye's lifted lash.

Stooping over my book and its story,
  I saw not a definite word,
But listened till out of Life's silence
  A cry from the far past I heard.

The cry of a proud woman's error,
  The moan of a weary mistake,
That dashed from my hands in a passion
  The draught that I longed yet to take.

I saw the kind eyes of the stranger
  Look long at my tale-telling hair,
That Time, with his fatal quicksilver,
  Had robbed of the gold he found there.

I waited in pitiful silence,
  I tightened my hands as he passed,
But he bowed once again as a stranger,
  And so came Love's "Finis" at last.

So passed my old lover, unknowing,
  His mem'ry yet blooms young and fair,
But I bury mine very softly,
  Half sorry it died then and there.

UNDER THE SEA.

THE first time a diver goes down in the water he is apt to be considerably scared on account of the pressure. If a man is lowered too fast it will kill him. Divers are seldom or never killed by drowning, but by an unequal pressure. A diver could cut a hole in the lower portion of his suit without danger of being drowned so long as he stood erect; for, as long as air is supplied by the air pump, the water could not reach his mouth. In deep water the pressure is usually very great, and a diver can descend as deep as he can stand the pressure.

You see, we are in a vacuum. There is no pressure perceptible to us on the copper helmets about our heads. The pressure is all upon the lower garments; and, if it is too great, it drives all the blood in the body to the head, and the result is death.

I have seen men killed in this way whose eyes were driven from their sockets. A more horrible death could not be imagined; and I, and almost all other divers, have narrowly escaped it. Divers seldom descend over one hundred and sixty feet, and rarely as deep as that. Under the water the ears feel stopped up; but sometimes we can make ourselves understood by putting two helmets together and shouting; but then it does not sound louder than an ordinary whisper. A man who went down for the first time would be likely to come up after feeling the pressure in his ears, which is very unpleasant until you are thoroughly used to it.

How about the fish; do they ever molest us?

Very seldom. You see, we make it a rule not to disturb them. We know that they are in their element, and we are much more afraid of the baricotas, a surface-fish, with teeth three inches long.

Talk about fish, why, one can't have any conception of them until he has been under the water and seen them, of all sizes and all colors of the rainbow. The noise made by a school of fish sounds under the water like the rumbling of thunder.

One of the greatest curiosities in this line was the Jew fish I encountered when diving in the Bay of Cumana, on the coast of Venezuela. The fish are from six to fifteen feet in length, and have a great deal of curiosity—more than any woman that I know of—and used to eye us while we were at work. We were a little afraid of them at first, but found that they would not harm us.

I suppose you have heard of the electric eel, which has the power to give a shock equal to any battery.

When we were diving at the West Indies, one of our divers received a shock from an electric eel, and for a time he seemed almost paralyzed. Mules, and other animals, when fording streams in this country, often receive a shock.

It depends upon how clear the water is, whether it is dark or not.

I have been down under water where I could see to read the finest print, and I have been down ten feet where you could not see your hand before you. It is not very pleasant exploring a wreck, especially where there are dead bodies, when you are in utter darkness.

We get used to those; and while I can't say that we don't mind them, I can say that they don't deter us from going down.

I am one of those who believe that drowning is an easy death, comparatively, because I have noticed that the face of a drowned person looks as if he had gone to sleep, and seldom denotes pain; but, when the eyes are wide open and glassy in appearance, and the gas in the stomach makes the body stand bolt upright, it is rather trying to the nerves. Sometimes we find drowned persons with a death-grip upon a piece of rigging, or on the side of a bank, and it is very difficult to unloose their hold. Before we see a body, or an object, under the water, we always see the shadow. In looking for a body not on a vessel's wreck, we sometimes find it by following the sediments in the water.

In many places the bottom of the ocean is beautiful, especially where the coral reefs are. Coral looks like a forest of trees that has been cut down. I have seen coral as large as the stump of any tree you ever saw, with enormous limbs running downward, the trunk and the branches being of the purest white coral. I have encountered a coral reef after descending three fathoms, and a bottom of pure white sand after descending two fathoms more. G. W. TOWNSEND.

Grains of Gold.

If you are slandered never mind; it will all come off when it is dry.

He is richest who is content with the least, for content is the soul of nature.

The true way to mourn the dead is to take care of the living who belong to them.

The shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better, and the longest life is too short if it does not.

He that does good for good's sake, seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people if you would never have your own injured.

There is nothing formidable about death but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control.

"What is the usual definition of conscience?" asked a man of his pastor. "A man's rule for his neighbors' conduct is about the way it comes out practically," was the reply.

Nothing but frank intercourse with independent minds, nothing but discussion on equal terms, will keep a thinker intellectually humble and conscious of fallibility.

A loving heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should always carry home, no matter what vexations he has encountered during the day.

It has been said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.

Never neglect one duty under pretence of attending to another. You honor God as much in attending to your calling in a right spirit, as you do when upon your knees, or in his house.

We should no more lament that we have grown old than the husbandman, when the bloom and fragrance of spring have passed away, should lament that summer or autumn has come.

Men pray for holiness as if it were something entirely apart from their every-day life, something that had nothing at all to do with their conduct in their domestic, social and business relations.

We need to labor with our minds and hearts, as well as with our hands, in order to develop what is within us, to make the most of our possibilities, and to enable us to live nobly and worthily.

Never compare your condition with those above you; but to secure your content, always look upon the many thousands with whom you would not, for your own interest, change your fortune and condition.

God, who is liberal in all his other gifts, shows us by the wise economy of his Providence, how circumspect we ought to be in the management of our time, for he never gives us two moments together.

A man should do his best, and never waste his energies and embitter his life if he must remain in this world in the army of the non-distinguished, for at the last he shall "shine forth" in the kingdom of God.

There are flaws in diamonds, flies in amber, objections against the best men. These we must expect, and if any progress is to be made in any work, secular or spiritual, with such imperfections we must forbear in love.

Arresting Disease.

What we would particularly impress upon invalids and their friends, is the value of Compound Oxygen in arresting disease in its early stages, and before chronic conditions have been established. It must be evident to the common sense of every one, that an agent which acts so potently in dressing the force of diseases which have been at work upon the system and have been exhausting it for years, can scarcely fail to arrest like diseases in their beginning, and when the vitality of the body has not been wasted. If, therefore, you have the early symptoms of Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, or the indications of any other disease which may keep its hold upon you until it becomes chronic, do not neglect its warning indications. Meet the enemy upon the very threshold, and while your vitality is yet unimpaired. If your regular physician fails to meet the case, then we offer you, in Compound Oxygen, an almost certain means of restoration—the way back to health—the agent that may save you from a life of invalidism, or from premature death. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, with large reports of cases and full information, sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

Tall women should not wear high head-dresses.

At English bazars titled ladies sell American drinks.

Very little jewelry should be worn with summer toilets.

A new device for a lace pin is a cow jumping over the moon.

There are young women in Boston who wear base ball shoes.

The fashionable weight for a Japanese pug dog is 3½ pounds.

Color blind—The woman who can't tell when her husband has the "blues."

"What is love?" It is a feeling that you don't want any other fellow going around with her.

A woman who thinks for herself is weak, but a woman who thinks for another is decidedly strong.

The notion of wearing stockings of different colors seems quite likely to become general in London.

An Indiana woman has just killed twenty snakes which she found in one spot enjoying the warm sunshine.

A down-town young lady objects to smoking, because it leaves an unpleasant taste about the moustache.

When a woman leaves a man who has not earned his salt for years, he immediately advertises that he will pay no debts of her contracting.

They have got hold of the idea at Cape May that ladies are going to play billiards quite a good deal this summer, and preparations are made accordingly.

One of the cruelties charged upon a man of Detroit, in his wife's complaint for divorce, was that he would not let her put her cold feet on him to warm them.

A Massachusetts man forbids all persons giving orders to his wife for washing, ironing, or house-cleaning, as he claims to be able and willing to support her himself.

An Irish gentleman, with that peculiar perspicuity of statement characteristic of his race, says the chief pleasure in kissing a pretty girl is when she won't let you.

Whenever an enthusiastic fisherman speaks of choice trout as "speckled beauties," all the freckled-faced girls simper, blush, and murmur, "O, the insincere man!"

An item in a London paper tells how a lady who had been vaccinated appeared with a sort of little iron cage on the upper part of her arm so that she might not be hurt.

A wealthy citizen of New York, in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding, toasted his wife as "the healthy old lady, who combines beauty and durability."

If you want to render your husband unhappy, blame him for everything he does, right or wrong, and scold him for doing this or that before you know whether he does it.

Ethel to visitor—"How old are you?" Visitor—"Twenty. Why do you ask?" Ethel (reproachfully)—"I'm awfully young—only ten. I find most girls are twelve at least."

Now, honestly, do you believe the report that Sarah Bernhardt studied the air and expression of half-crazed women by going to a millinery store and watching them try to select a bonnet?

After supper, at the ball—He: "Without joking, Elise, I do adore you; when I look at you there is such a commotion in my breast." "And in mine, too, Henry; I think perhaps it is the lobster salad."

A Parisian invention is the "blushing bonnet," which, through an ingenious mechanical contrivance, operates upon arteries which cause the cheeks to become suffused with a delightful and fascinating blush.

The manager of a ferry thinks of posting up in the ladies' cabins of his boats the following notice: "Ladies, the men who are sitting in this cabin while you are standing should not be considered as being gentlemen."

A horse-car conductor, who had waited five minutes at a crossing for a lady, impatiently remarked, "I am of the opinion that when Gabriel blows his last tramp that those too late to get seats will all be women."

A cheerful wife makes a happy home, because the emotion is contagious; and almost unconsciously the household is happy in response, because every member of the family is cheerful by the genial influence of the wife and mother.

Men are always inclined to be pitiful to the woes of a woman when they are not woes which they themselves have caused. They will stone away without mercy a woman whom they themselves have wounded, but for the victim of another man they are quick to be moved to tenderness and indignation.

At the summer resort: First week, ladies, is given to showing your dresses; second week, to telling where you went last season; third week, to talking about the Browns, who have gone home; fourth week, to complaints of the house. After the fourth week life at a summer resort is insufferably dull.

A blue-bottle fly was bumping his head against the window-pane. "Jane," said the lady, "open the window and let the poor fly out." "But see what a pouring rain," said Jane. "You have a kind heart, Jane; let him go into the next room where it is warm, and when the shower is over let him out."

She was sitting in a street car looking as sweet as a peach in her fresh muslin dress and bewitching, broad-brimmed hat; he, the clumsy brute, trod heavily on the dainty foot in passing. "Awkward fellow," sprang involuntarily to the rosy lips. "Excuse me, miss," apologized the "fellow," gallantly, "but really your foot should be large enough to be seen." Sequel—Dimples, blushes, and full forgiveness.

News Notes.

Fans are getting bigger.

Germans are filling up Texas.

A swill-milk crusade is progressing in St. Louis.

Next to white, pale pink dresses are most in favor.

White rats are common in some parts of this State.

China porcelain was introduced in Europe about 1521.

Tobacco was first taken to England from America in 1583.

Senator Mahone has twice been the father of triplets.

A prominent physician says that flies spread small-pox.

The intense heat in Chicago lately, broke up a murder trial.

More comets have been seen this year than for many years past.

Leading English papers assert that the Czar of Russia is deranged.

Flesh-colored silk stockings are embroidered with crimson rosebuds.

In Gotham the whim is the marriage must take place in the morning.

Entomologists have classified more than one thousand kinds of lady bugs.

Bogardus the champion pigeon-slayer is going to open a shooting school.

Boys as pages recently took the place of bridesmaids in a New York wedding.

An eminent French astronomer says that a comet once seen never returns again.

In baking, a safe rule to follow is, that one quart of wheat flour weighs a pound.

From a recent report it appears there are in the United States 84,720 Sunday schools.

A bill to imprison insane murderers for life has been introduced in the Georgia Legislature.

A fund is being raised in Boston, to give old and infirm persons street-car rides on pleasant days.

New table-cloths for five o'clock teas have mottoes of welcome, embroidered in the corners.

The habit of using morphia will shatter the system sooner than the constant use of strong drink.

A Georgia woman was lately killed while standing at her door and while the sun was shining brightly.

The resolutions of sympathy received at the White House are filed away, to be eventually published.

There is said to be in the blood of forty-two men, sufficient iron to make a twenty-four pound ploughshare.

Scalp-grafting is the latest remedy for baldness. Perhaps it may prove as efficacious as the transplanting of teeth.

The favorite feathers this season are shaded red—pink and red together—or natural mixed black and white flowers.

According to the statistics of 1880 there are in the United States 971 daily newspapers, with a circulation of 1,127,307,935.

A child-wife only twelve years old was granted a divorce in New York one day last week. The cause was her husband's intemperance.

The telegraph business between Philadelphia and New York is conducted over 110 wires, the largest number between any other two cities in the world.

English critics deny the assertion that the practice of carrying concealed firearms under the coat-skirts is quite as common in their country as in America.

At a supper given recently to the Prince of Wales at Pesth was a forty-two-pound Rhine salmon, wearing on his head the crowns of England and Hungary.

The Governor of Alabama has a rolling mill at Helena, in that State. He was there recently, and his fireman was suddenly taken sick. The Governor did his work for three days.

The imperial marriage ceremony in Turkey, according to an eye-witness, consists simply of tying the two contracting parties together with rope, and proclaiming them man and wife.

When in college President Garfield took an insurance policy of five hundred dollars to secure friends who had advanced money to enable him to complete his education.

An organized band of outlaws, some twenty or thirty in number, regularly officered and bound by solemn oaths, have been discovered in southwestern North Carolina.

In 1863 the production of lager beer in the United States was 1,783,000 barrels, or about one to every twenty people. In 1880 the production was 13,267,000 barrels, or one barrel to less than four people.

The wind in a recent storm in Virginia drove an inch board ten inches wide through the side of a new weather-boarded house and across a room. In its passage the board knocked a table into splinters.

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co., last fall for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.

WM. T. MCCLURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have large sale, and they are making remarkable cures. W. H. BISHOP & CO.

Diamante Brilliants must not be confounded with the French paste and glass imitations, mounted in cheap gilt or plated settings, with which the country is flooded under the various fancy names given to so-called "imitation diamonds." **Diamante Brilliants** were exhibited side by side with real diamonds of great value at the Paris Exhibition and were awarded a Prize Medal, and the highest recompense awarded to imitations. They attracted universal admiration, and immediately took the place of, and were interwined with, costly diamond ornaments, and are now worn at the Court balls and upon all occasions among the best society in London, Paris, and all the capitals of Europe. **Diamante Brilliants** can be worn at all times, in daylight or gaslight, with perfect confidence and absolute security, as they possess all the brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to real diamonds, and are the only PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR DIAMONDS OF THE FIRST WATER. By their purity and brilliancy they bear comparison with old mine diamonds, and resemble them so closely that detection is almost impossible. They are superior in every respect to real diamonds of inferior quality. The investigations, experiments, and labor of two generations have been expended in bringing these remarkable jewels to their present state of perfection. They are produced chemically by a secret process, known only to the inventor, and they possess all the rare beauty of the gems they counterfeit.

PRESS OPINIONS OF DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS:

"Their lustre and brilliancy elicit universal admiration."—*Court Journal.*——"Products of perfect purity."—*Journal Society of the Arts.*——"Certainly far nearer in resemblance to real diamonds than anything we have seen."—*The Mechanic.*——"A great achievement."—*Land and Water.*——"The refractive power is equal to real diamonds of the purest water."—*World of Science.*——"They successfully fulfil all the purposes for which real diamonds (even of the first quality) are utilized."—*London Times.*——"Ladies who can afford to wear the real gem will henceforth reserve them for indoors, for since the advent of 'Diamante Brilliants' things are no longer what they seem."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The reputation of Diamante Brilliants is permanently established abroad, and we take great pleasure in bringing them prominently to the notice of Americans. To do so properly requires some nerve and a liberal outlay of capital. These magnificent stones are imported expressly for us, and are set in SOLID GOLD, made in Philadelphia to our order, by one of the largest firms engaged in the manufacture of pure gold jewelry in this country. All the stones are set by professional diamond-setters, and as much skill bestowed upon them as with the precious stones. For the purpose of simplifying our business we use but three sizes of the New Diamonds. **The Ring, warranted solid gold, one-half karat stone. The Earrings, warranted solid gold, each 1 karat stone. The Stud, warranted solid gold, 2 karat stone.** The illustrations give an accurate outline of the style and setting, but no illustration or description can give an idea of their rare beauty. THEY MUST BE SEEN TO BE APPRECIATED. A Ring, same style and quality of setting, but with an inferior stone, has never been sold for less than $4.00. We can safely say the same of the Stud; and Earrings, of inferior quality and style, have never been sold for less than $6.00. In London, to-day, Diamante Brilliants, same size stone and quality of settings, are selling for three to four times the prices named above, and we believe them well worth $5 each. SO MUCH FOR THEIR VALUE, AS WE WANT THIS CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD.

"What! all this trouble and expense about a Premium for your paper?" Yes, indeed! We can't select a Premium that will please everybody in a day, or a year, perhaps, yet we have expended so much time, thought, and labor on these—we are having the settings made, and the mounting under our own roof almost—we feel emphatically they will make every recipient happy. We are ambitious to give THE POST the largest circle of readers of any weekly on the Continent, and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. THE POST is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America—now in its sixtieth year—and our **Superb Diamond Premium** offers deserve more attention than the most tempting promises of irresponsible parties. THE POST is a large, sixteen-page weekly, and aims to interest every member of the home circle. *At $2 a year it is the cheapest paper in existence to-day.* THIS IS NOT A CHEAP JEWELRY ADVERTISEMENT.

We don't sell Diamante Brilliants; we Give them away to Subscribers, and to Club Raisers for, The Post.

READ TERMS ON PAGE 8.

THESE PREMIUMS ARE ALL SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—If the premiums are not as represented in every particular, return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. THE POST has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability we refer to any bank, express office, or reputable business house in Philadelphia. Size of finger can be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in a piece of cardboard.—Remittances may be made by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft.—Specimen copy of THE POST to any address on receipt of three-cent stamp. Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Humorous.

Rebecca—Yes, the marriage tie is a beau knot.

The thunder is the most reliable weather report.

It is the mean temperature that makes a man sick.

Pun-gent—A paragrapher. Cold victuals—ice cream.

Of all American plays "Base Ball has had the longest run.

When a bank "goes up" it generally fails to "come down."

Some people are so nervous that they cannot even rest assured.

The tired man who lies abed in the morning is not attired man.

Many of the richest planters of San Domingo live on coffee grounds.

Rustic chairs are pretty objects, and as long as a man can resist the inclination to sit on them they are a nice thing.

An Indian never snores in his sleep until after becoming partly civilized. In his natural state he is too lazy to even turn over in bed.

It takes eight hundred full-blown roses to make a tablespoonful of perfume, while ten cents' worth of cooked onions will scent a whole neighborhood.

"Have some oil on your, sir?" said a barber to a customer. "No; I've given it up altogether." "Oil right," was the barber's Scottish reply.

Girls, don't think a fellow is a gentleman because he gives you a polite bow. Bowers are always knaves—at least we were so informed by a euchre player.

A country exchange thinks it surprising how willingly a young man will get up at three in the morning to go fishing, who has hard work to get down at seven when his mother is in a hurry to get breakfast over.

Papa: "Johnnie, give Willie the soldiers. You know the big should always give way to the little ones." Johnnie: "You're always telling me that, papa, but I don't remember your ever giving way to me."

How is this for a three-year old? An old man was passing the house, Sunday, taking exceedingly short steps. The little one looked at him for several minutes, and then cried out: "Mamma, don't he walk slowly?"

A fashion item says: "A polonaise for dinner is cut square." Every one to his taste, of course; but we want no polonaise for our dinner, no matter how it is cut. We'd just as lief eat a princess overskirt on toast.

The winds were whispering low, and the sentinel stars had set their watch in the sky as she leaned from her chamber-window and tenderly asked, "Is that you, Henry?" "Course 'tis: pretty woman dunnow 'er own husband when she sees 'im!"

An Englishman making a tour of the Eastern States, was greatly surprised upon beholding for the first time a cranberry patch. "It's a wonderful country," he observed to his companion, "a wonderful country. Him hold Hengland, you know, they manufacture China halleys, but 'ere I declare they grow 'em."

The "shorter" a man is the longer he wears his coat.

A man, who lost his good character some time ago, was severely hauled over by some of his former friends. "I know it, boys. I know my character's gone—lost entirely. And," he added, rather pointedly, "it's too confounded bad, for it was the only one in the place worth having."

"Going away this summer?" queried a bootblack of a fellow mortal at the postoffice yesterday. "Naw!" "Well, you needn't be so short about it." "Maybe I needn't but the idea of our going off to Saratoga when we can't raise $10 to get dad out of the workhouse, does us injustice as a family."

The story is told of a San Francisco man of sudden wealth, who desired a gallery of family portraits, and supplied the want by buying a lot of old portraits while traveling abroad. He had the noses of all rubbed out, and his family nose, which is peculiar, carefully painted in, thus making the picture probable.

A French aristocrat who was one day passing along the boulevard, was approached by a little beggar, who asked piteously, "Give me a penny, please—only one penny; I haven't had any dinner." "Nor have I," murmured the aristocrat. "Well, then, make it two cents, and we'll go and dine together."

"How much is your stick candy?" inquired a boy of a candy-dealer. "Six sticks for five cents." "Six sticks for five cents, eh? Now, lemme see. Six sticks for five cents, five for four cents, four for three cents, three for two cents, two for one cent, one for nothin'. I'll take one." And he walked out, leaving the candy man in a state of bewilderment.

The wife of an Irish gentleman being suddenly taken ill, the husband ordered a servant to get a horse ready to go for the doctor. By the time, however, that the horse was ready, and the note to the doctor was written, the lady had recovered; on which he added the following postscript, and sent the servant off: "My wife having recovered, you need not come."

A Sure Cure for Piles.

Do you know what it is to suffer with Piles? If you do, you know what is one of the worst torments of the human frame. The most perfect cure ever known is Kidney-Wort. It cures constipation, and then its tonic action restores health to the diseased bowels, and prevents recurrence of disease. Try it without delay. The dry and the liquid are both sold by druggists.—Globe.

A Pleasant Excursion.

A pleasanter trip than that down the Delaware to Cape May, on the magnificent steamer Republic, could not be had. A hundred miles of grand river scenery, the sight of historic cities, forts, etc., and the view of the bay and ocean, is something that will always live in the memory. Besides, there is every arrangement for the accommodation of passengers—music, dancing, concerts, refreshments, etc. We advise all to take this trip, certain they will enjoy it. The Republic leaves Race Street Wharf week days 7.15 A. M. Sundays 7.30. Leave Cape May 3 P. M. Fare for trip, $1.00; Sundays, 75 cents.

A Fact Worth Knowing.

Travelers, tourists, and all persons arriving at or leaving the City of New York by cars from Grand Central Depot to visit the One Thousand Islands, Niagara, Saratoga, Lake George, White Mountains, Atlantic City, Coney Island, Long Branch, and the One Thousand other Summer Resorts, will find, opposite the said Grand Central Depot, **The Grand Union Hotel**, a very popular, well-kept House, first-class in all its appointments.

The proprietor having purchased the adjoining property on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Forty-second Street, and added it to this hotel, gives to the Grand Union 450 Elegant Rooms, furnished and fitted up at a cost of over One Million Dollars. Notwithstanding this large outlay, single rooms are reduced to One Dollar and upwards per day. Elegant suits for families on the European plan. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The Restaurants, Cafe, Lunch and Wine Rooms are supplied with the best. A number of rooms are elegantly arranged for Dinners, Suppers and Lunch Parties large and small. The Cuisine and Wines are of superior merit. Cars, stages and elevated railroads convey you to all depots, and to all parts of the city. Guests' Baggage taken to and from this depot free. Toilet Rooms for Guests to leave their valises and parcels free. Give the Grand Union Hotel a trial.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer St., Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Malaria is an Unseen Vaporous

Poison, spreading disease and death in many localities, for which quinine is no genuine antidote, but for the effects of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is not only a thorough remedy, but a reliable preventive. To this fact there is an overwhelming array of testimony, extending over a period of thirty years. All disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels are also conquered by the Bitters.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

A FEW MORE Good Agents Wanted. ON OUR GREAT 25 CT. BOOK!

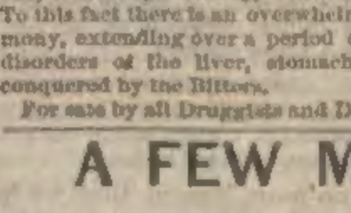
The Wonderful Narrative of Miss Julia Dean,

The only survivor of the Steamship "City of Boston," (lost at sea ten years ago.) This lady, who has remained NINE YEARS ON AN UNINHABITED ISLAND, tells a truly remarkable and thrilling story, fully vouched for by her rescuers. Retail, 25 cents. HAVING AN IMMENSE SALE. Address,

BARCLAY & CO.,
21 North (P. O.) 7th St., Philadelphia.

THE WILSON PATENT ADJUSTABLE CHAIR,

With Thirty Changes of Positions.



READING POSITION.

Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed, or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity, and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped C. O. D. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular, and quote SATURDAY EVENING POST. Address,

WILSON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR M'F'G. CO., 861 Broadway, New York.

$50 a Month We will pay any active person $50 a month and expenses to distribute circulars for us and sell our goods; or $25 a month and expenses to distribute circulars only. **No capital required.** Salary paid monthly; expenses in advance. We have the best selling goods in the world; no novelties or chap-traps. We will send a sample package of our goods, full particulars of the business, and contract free to all that mean business. Send 10c. for postage and packing. No postals. WE MEAN BUSINESS. WESTERN MANUFACTURING CO., Madison, Wis.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Vital Weakness and Prostration from over-work or indiscretion, and promptly is radically cured by it. Been in use 20 years. —is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post-free on receipt of price. Humphreys' Homeo. Med. Co. (Late Humphreys, Clarke & Co.) 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The **Sarsaparillian Resolvent** not only is a compensating remedy, but restores the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT MORE SUFFERING FROM SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera, Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True,"
"Radway on Irritable Urethra,"
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

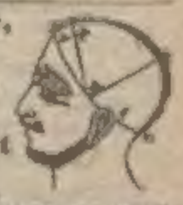
Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

R. DOLLARD,
513 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.
Premier Artist IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEE AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

Facetiæ.

Circus men are models of application—always in tent on their business.

And now an American fighting-dog has won the championship of France. Is there any game Europe can play?

What shall we say of the honesty of the dealer who invites ladies to call and see his invisible nets for the hair?

They were speaking of a miser, just deceased. "Did he leave anything?" asked Smith of his friend Fogg. "He had to," was the laconic answer of the latter.

"Be a good little girl," said Edith to her younger sister, "you mustn't ask for a second piece of cake. It isn't good for little girls. Besides," she added, "I want it myself."

A little girl took a prescription to a drug-store and said: "The doctor left that for mother. She says you must not be mean about it, but put in a little extra of all the things in it."

A Hordle coach was seen the other evening carrying one passenger, and displaying the sign "Full." The public mind is agitated with doubt. Did it refer to the passenger or driver?

Now the chowder's in the pot, and the days are getting hot, and we all begin to swelter, with a swelt, swelt, swelt. While the crimson lemonade through a straw enchants the maid, who displays a bunch of flowers at her belt, belt, belt.

When a Montana gentleman puts on a pair of long boots, a slouch hat, pint of whisky, two long, large-sized revolvers, and a knife that can reach clear through a cow, he is said to be "dressed to kill." And indeed he is, though you can't always be certain whether he or the other fellow will be killed.

Be Sensible.

You have allowed your bowels to become habitually costive, your liver has become torpid, the same thing ails your kidneys, and you are just used up. Now be sensible, get a package of Kidney-Wort, take it faithfully, and soon you will forget you've got any such organs, for you will be a well man.—Albany Argus.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

DAME FASHION is daily showing us fresh novelties in all kinds of materials, including shaded and shot fabrics, plaid designs, stripes, bouquets, and most charming of all, self-colored tissues with bordering of fine silk stripes in bright contrasting colors for flounces and other parts of the dress trimmings. Equally charming are the mantles with their rich trimmings of Spanish lace and lining of soft shaded surah. A Duchesse visite, half length, of light beige crepon, is draped at the sides and formed into a puff at the back, held in place by a large bow of changing colored satin; the neck is ornamented with a fichu composed of gold and silver embroidery bordered with a pleating of shot satin, and the back has a large ruche and bow of satin; a lily of the valley fringe is carried round the edge of the vetement.

There has been rarely seen so pretty a choice of washing materials as appear this summer for dresses and costumes. The prettiest is satinette foulard, of which I have already spoken, and which is as fine and glossy as surah itself. It is also a very useful and serviceable sort of material, as when it has a black or dark ground it can be worn a whole season, and kept neat and clean. But there are also often washing fabrics very pretty in their way, printed cretonnes, percales, cambrics, and linens, and all these are very fashionable just now. They are all to be had both in self-colored and figured styles, so as to imitate the more costly silk and woollen materials of the season, and can be made up in the same way.

A costume of satinette foulard, in a mille-fleurs pattern over an olive ground, has a skirt trimmed with five flounces, gradually becoming narrower towards the top; plain sash-bow of the same behind just below the basque; basque bodice shirred at the shoulders and waist line, and confined round the waist with a belt; sleeves shirred at the top and bottom, and rather bouffant in the middle; small collar; ruches of yellow Bretonne lace round neck and wrists.

A rather more elaborate costume is partly of almond brown and partly of sprigged satinette. One gathered flounce goes round the foot of the skirt, and six narrower ones form the skirt front or tablier. All this is of the sprigged satinette. From each side of the flounced tablier a pleated drapery of the self-colored satinette is turned off to the back and draped into a narrow puff. The round-back bodice has a finely-pleated plastron; a collar and cuffs of the sprigged satinette. All the rest of it is of the self-colored fabric; a round waist-band is fastened at the side with a rosette.

Another one is plain, slate-blue cretonne, with Algerian striped borders on the selvages by way of trimmings. The skirt is covered by three deep but very fine flutings, each edged with one of the striped borders. A scarf drapery, also edged with a border, commencing just below the basque, is rounded off over the hip, and tied into a sash-bow at the back. The basque finishes in square ends in front, is curved out over the hips, so as to show the scarf drapery, and forms a small postillion behind. A turned-down collar and cuff are formed of the Algerian striped borders, and a band of the same comes down on each side of the front to the edge of the basque. A similar band is fastened round the waist over the basque.

Indeed, cotton dresses this season are of the most picturesque description; the beauty of the materials is not a little enhanced by the varied and charming styles in which they are made. A pale blue cambric costume is bordered with two pleated flounces, each finished at the top with a piping of dark red silk, above which is a long tunic falling in a shawl point at the left side, and draped high to the right under a bow of red satin ribbon. The tunic is bordered with a six-inch bias of red foulard, covered with guipure lace turned back from the edge. The jacket bodice, cut somewhat like that of a riding habit, has a red gilet, covered with guipure, and the paraments are of the same description, both they and the neck being finished by a bow of red satin ribbon. A dress of pale pink zephyr is made with a short round-waisted bodice, gauged front and back; from the shoulder to the elbow the sleeves form a large puff, and below this they are closely gauged to the wrist. The tunic is composed of three shawl-pointed draperies, the points falling in the centre of the front; all are edged with cream-color guipure lace; and thick ruffles of similar lace are added on the sleeves and round the neck. I may add that the lace is an imitation of the much admired guipure d'art, hitherto restricted to adorning furniture, draperies, etc. A very pretty costume is of pale blue and white finely-chequered zephyr, with short gathered bodice and full puffed sleeves, the skirt in front is pleated downwards for about sixteen inches, then forward into bouillonnes ending in a gathered flounce, which is carried all the way round. At the back the tunic is very much "bunched up," almost equal to that of a Dolly Varden skirt, this effect being given by strings added inside; the sleeves and neck are finished with full ruches of cream color lace and bows of dark blue ribbon.

The fashion of self-colored toilettes is coming round again slowly, and no one will be able to find fault with it if there are many costumes equal to some I have seen lately in satin surah. One is of steel color, and the other of light violet, and in both cases the united beauty of color and material leaves little to be desired; the steel colored toilette will at once commend itself to ladies of quiet tastes as regards colors; and for those who prefer something a little brighter, steel lace or fringe may very effectively introduced in the trimming. To accompany a toilette of this description, the chapeau is of steel-color straw embroidered with steel beads, and trimmed with pale pink roses and tulle the color of the straw, powdered with steel. Woollen dresses are chiefly in Quaker grey and other neutral tints, relieved with bright bordering interwoven with silk, which forms the trimming; or combined with silk and woollen fabric, in rich bright colors, striped and shaded in imitation of the lovely satin surahs.

Dresses for traveling and seaside wear, in cool weather, are of light thin tweed or fine woollen twill, made in the simplest manner possible, with one or more flounces round the skirt, a folded drapery stitched at the edges, and a coat-shaped jacket finished in the same way, with two rows of bone or metal buttons down the front, and others on the pockets and paraments.

A curiously colored costume is of shaded Pekin in reddish brown, with garnet stripes; the skirt bordered with a 20-inch flounce, formed with alternating bands of Pekin, one in garnet and gold shot surah, and one in black and gold, finely gathered at intervals. Above this flounce in front are two intertwining scarfs, one of Pekin, the other of shot gold and garnet surah, each bordered with a deep lily of the valley fringe. At the back the tunic is composed of large loops of the three materials, and the ensaque of Pekin is cut on the cross at the back in such a way that the stripes meet in the centre seam. The long basques are cut away at the sides, and pointed in front, which is filled in with a gilet of garnet and gold shot satin covered with beaded embroidery matching the materials.

Fireside Chat.

DISHES MADE OVER.

SALMI of Cold Meat is exceedingly good. Melt butter in a saucepan, if for quite a small dish two ounces will be sufficient; when melted, stir in a little flour to thicken; let it brown, but not burn, or, if you are preparing the dish in haste, put in some brown flour; then add a glass of white or red wine and a cup of broth, or a cup of water and a slice of glaze, a sprig or two of thyme, parsley, a small onion, chopped, and one bay leaf, pepper, and salt. Simmer all thoroughly (all savory dishes to which wine is added should simmer long enough for the distinct "winey" flavor to disappear, only the strength and richness remaining). Strain this when simmered half an hour and lay in the cold meat. Squeeze in a little lemon juice and draw the stew-pan to the back of the stove, but where it will cook no longer, or the meat will harden. Serve on toast, and pour the sauce over.' A glass of brandy added to this dish when the meat goes in is a great addition, if an extra fine salmi is desired. By not allowing the flour and butter to brown and using white wine, this is a very fine sauce in which to warm cold chicken, veal, or any white meat.

Bœuf a la Jardiniere.—Put in a fireproof dish if you have it, or a thick saucepan, a pint of beef broth, a small bunch each of parsley, chervil, tarragon—very little of this—shallot or onion, capers, pickled gherkins, of each or any a teaspoonful chopped fine; roll a large tablespoonful butter with a dessertspoonful of brown flour, stir it in; then take slices of underdone beef, with a blunt knife hack each slice all over in fine dice, but not to separate or cut up the slices; then pepper and salt each one and lay it in with the herbs, sprinkle a layer of herbs over the beef and cover closely; then stand the dish in the oven to slowly cook for an hour, or, if you use a stew-pan, set in a pan of boiling water on the stove for an hour where the water will just boil. Serve on a dish surrounded with young carrots and turnips if in season, or old ones cut.

Beef au Gratin.—Cut a little fat bacon or pork very thin, sprinkle on it chopped parsley, onion, and mushrooms (mushroom powder will do) and bread crumbs; then put in layers of beef, cut thick, and well and closely packed, then another layer of bacon or pork cut thin as a wafer, and of seasoning, crumbs last; pour over enough broth or gravy to moisten well, in which a little brandy or wine may be added if an especially good dish is desired; bake slowly an hour.

Cutlets a la Jardiniere.—Trim some thick cutlets from a cold leg of mutton, or chops from the loin, dip them in frying batter, *a la Careme*, fry crisp and quickly, and serve wreathed round green peas, or a ragout made as follows: Take young carrots, turnips, green peas, white beans; stew gently in a little water to which the bones of the meat and trimmings have been added (and which must be carefully removed not to disfigure the vegetables). Encircle this ragout with the fried cutlets, and crown with a cauliflower.

Mirotон of Beef.—Peel and cut into thin slices two large onions, put them in a stew-pan with two ounces of butter, place it over a slow fire; stir the onions round till they are rather brown, but not in the least burnt; add a teaspoonful of brown flour, mix smoothly, then moisten with half a pint of broth, or water with a little piece of glaze, three salt-spoonfuls of salt unless your broth was salted, then half the quantity or less, two of sugar, and one of pepper. Put in the cold beef, cut in thin slices as lean as possible, let it remain five minutes at the back of the stove; then serve on a very hot dish garnished with fried potatoes, or sippets of toast. To vary the flavor, sometimes put a spoonful of tarragon or plain vinegar, or a teaspoonful of mushroom powder, or a pinch of curry, unless objected to, or a few sweet herbs. In fact, as you may see, variety is as easy to produce as it is rare to meet with in average cooking, and depends more on intelligence and thoughtfulness than on anything else.

The simplest of all ways of warming a joint that is not far cut, is to wrap it in thickly buttered paper, and put it in the oven again, contriving, if possible, to cover it closely, let it remain long enough to get hot through, not to cook. By keeping it closely covered it will get hot through in less time, and the steam will prevent it getting hard and dry; make some gravy hot and serve with the meat. If your gravy is good and plentiful, your meat will be as nice as the first day; without gravy it would be an unsatisfactory dish. If you cannot manage to cover the joint in the oven, you may put it in a pot over the fire without water, but with a dessert spoonful of vinegar to create steam; let it get hot through, and serve as before.

For the third day the meat may be warmed up in any of the ways I am going to mention, repeating once more, that you must have gravy of some kind, or else carefully make some, with cracked bones, gristle, etc., stewed long, and nicely flavored with any kind of sauce.

Ragout.—A very nice ragout may be made from cold meat thus: Slice the meat, put it in a stew-pan in which an onion, or several if you like them, has been sliced; squeeze half a lemon into it, or a dessert-spoonful of vinegar, cover closely without water, and when it begins to cook, set the stew-pan at the back of the stove for three quarters of an hour, shaking it occasionally. The onions should now be brown; take out the meat, dredge in a little flour, stir it round, and add a cup of gravy, pepper, salt, and a small quantity of any sauce or flavoring you prefer; stew gently a minute or two, then put the meat back to get hot, and serve; garnish with sippets, or toast, or pickles.

A nice little breakfast dish is made thus: Cut two long slices of cold meat and three of bread, buttered thickly, about the same shape and size; season the meat with pepper, salt, and a little finely chopped parsley; or, if it is veal, a little chopped ham; then lay one slice of bread between two of meat, and have the other two slices outside; fasten together with short wooden skewers. If you have a quick oven, put it in; and take care to baste with butter thoroughly, that the bread may be all over crisp and brown. If you can depend on your oven, fry it in very hot fat as you would crullers; garnish with sprigs of parsley, and serve hot.

To Warm a Good-sized Piece of Beef.—Trim it as much like a thick fillet as you can; cut it horizontally half way through, then scoop out as much as you can of the meat from the inside of each piece. Chop the meat fine that you have thus scooped out, season with a little finely chopped parsley and thyme, a shred of onion, if you like it; or if you have celery boil a little of the coarser part till tender, chop it and add as much bread finely crumbled as you have meat, and a good piece of butter; add pepper and salt, and make all into a paste with an egg mixed with an equal quantity of gravy or milk; fill up the hollow in the meat and tie, or still better, sew it together. You may either put this in a pot with a slice of pork or bacon, and a cup of gravy; or you may brush it over with beaten egg, cover it with crumbs, and pour over these a cup of butter, melted, so that it moistens every part; and bake it, taking care to baste well while baking; serve with nice gravy.

White meat of any kind is excellent warmed over in a little milk, in which you have cut a large onion, and, if you like it, a slice of salt pork or ham, and a little sliced cucumber, if it is summer; thicken with the yolks of one or two eggs, added after the whole has simmered twenty minutes; take care the egg thickens in the gravy, but does not boil, or it will curdle. If it is winter, chop a teaspoonful of pickled cucumber or capers and add just on going to table. In summer, when you have the sliced cucumber, squeeze half a lemon into the gravy, the last thing, to give the requisite dash of acid. You may vary the above by adding sometimes a few chopped oysters; at others mushrooms, or celery. The last must be put in with the onion and before the meat.

It is astonishing how much more anxious people are to lengthen life than to improve it.

Correspondence.

MADGE, (South Bend, Ind.)—We have it.

G., (Barnesville, S. C.)—Address Lippincott & Co., Publishers, this city.

C. H. W., (Alabama.)—We have never heard of the writer and do not know the poem. If you have a copy, and send us a transcript, we will cheerfully publish it if satisfactory.

CONSTANT, (West Philadelphia, Pa.)—When a young lady goes to a young gentleman's house, to whom she is not engaged, she is courting the young man, not he her. Do not go first to the house of any young man.

I. R., (Stockton, Cal.)—We cannot tell you where the gentleman is at present. Address a letter simply directed to this city, adding after his name "organist," and we have little doubt it would reach him.

IGNORAMUS, (Merion, Pa.)—On entering a drawing-room you are expected to make a graceful bow to the company there and then assembled. When leaving, it is not necessary to draw the attention of the guests to the fact—nay, you should carefully avoid doing so.

MYRTLE, (Washington, D. C.)—Take as much exercise as you possibly can without injuring your health, and avoid as much as possible the use of fluids, whether in the shape of soups, tea or coffee, milk, beer, or even water. Rice is said to improve the complexion, but corpulent people had better eschew it.

MANON, (Chicago, Ill.)—Most decidedly you are to blame, and must offer an apology. It will in future be a lesson not to gossip so much. Remember the saying, "When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch, in our families our tempers, but in society our tongues," which you evidently have not done.

L. D., (Mo.)—As it is somewhat out of our line to furnish correspondents for young ladies, you will pardon our not complying with your request. Do not be too anxious about such a matter. Little good can come of it at the best, and a great deal of harm might happen. Let the others, if they choose, keep up a correspondence with strangers, but you show more self-respect and refrain.

T. R., (Polk, O.)—A lasso is made either of strong thin rope, or a strip of leather. A running noose is made in one end. It is then gathered loosely in loops in the throwing hand, and thrown with the object of the running noose catching on what is aimed at. There is no particular rifle preferred in hunting elk, buffalo, etc. All kinds are used. We do not know where you might purchase a lasso.

ALICE, (Richmond, Va.)—To fall in love with a gentleman at first sight is always unfortunate, unless, indeed, the gentleman happens to be of the same susceptible nature as yourself, and liable to be overcome by kindred influences. We know of nothing you can do to gain the affections of the young man you name, except this: that you behave towards him in a kind, lady-like way, taking care not to overdo the thing, and let matters take their course.

REAPER, (Ithaca, N. Y.)—Suicide is justifiable under no circumstances whatever. It is a crime against both God and man. But if you really mean what you say, namely, that if the young lady does not accept you and throw off the "other fellow," you will commit self-destruction, why, we cannot hinder you. In truth, if you lived in almost any other country but America, your acquaintances and friends would assuredly tell you, that for your own peace of mind as well as for the comfort of everyone concerned, the sooner you "shuffled off this mortal coil" the better. Be a man, and be reasonable.

PLAY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—As to the proverb: "Good wine needs no bush," we are of opinion the words "bush," and "bushes" have the same meaning. From all the information obtainable—and there are many allusions in old writers to the proverb—it does not appear that the bush was in any way used to improve the wine, but simply as a sign to indicate where it appeared wine was sold. The author of the "History of Sign-Boards" says that the oldest sign borrowed from the vegetable kingdom is the bush; that it was a bush or bunch of ivy, box or evergreen tied to the end of a pole. It is claimed that the custom came from the Romans, and with the proverb. Ivy was the plant commonly used.

SPINSTER, (Trenton, N. J.)—Instead of being worse treated in America than in other countries, old maids are in fact better treated with us. In France, for example, notwithstanding the vaunted gallantry of Frenchmen, they are held in absolute contempt. The Germans deride an old maid, though they generally call her by the sweet name of the cradle-side aunt. But we are really sorry, heart sorry, for the old maid. We are not forgetful that she has to go often all through life and be the object of sneers, gibes, and injurious suspicions. We are also aware that some other cause than that of poverty is given to explain her celibacy. Thus she becomes soured by the world's cruelty, and reproached for being sour.

SOPHIE, (Holyoke, Mass.)—If you desire to call upon the young lady when you visit the town in which she resides, you can obtain a letter of introduction from her relative, which letter you can present with your card when you call at the hotel where she boards, and if the young lady wishes to make your acquaintance she will receive you. If she desires to continue the acquaintance she will invite you to call again during your stay in the city. Should she fail to invite you to call, and you are desirous of calling, you may without impropriety ask permission to call again before you return home, also ascertain if she has any messages to send to her friends, and offer to take any such messages. Should she make any excuses for not receiving you, you may take it for granted that she does not care to continue your acquaintance.

WASHINGTONIAN, (Stafford Co.)—Enclose a stamp for reply to Lippincott, and write again. 2. A Dutch navigator named Block first discovered the Connecticut river, but the English made the first settlement at Windsor, in 1633. Other parts were subsequently colonized by the same nation. They may be said to have united under Sir Edmund Andros, sent over by King James II., in 1686. The Pilgrims first settled Massachusetts in 1620. In 1638, another colony was founded at Salem. They were united in one government with Maine in 1692. 3. Pennsylvania had first a colony of Swedes. The English came next. Penn united them. Delaware was a part of Pennsylvania until the Revolution. They then became separate. 4. In the case of the United States, since the Revolution, of course. Under English rule from the date of the first settlement down to 1776. 5. It is not sold without the paper.